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AUTUMN BOOKS SUPPLEMENT

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

PARLIAMENT, we are told, is to meet on October 22nd with the prospect of a General Election to follow before the end of November. Both decisions are natural enough from the Government's point of view. Politically Mr. Baldwin is in an extremely strong position. On the main issue of the moment the Opposition, now led by Mr. Attlee, accepts the Government's policy, while the Right wing revolt of the Amerys and Beaverbrooks can be easily countered by a promise of rearmament and a few judicious hints that the Empire is in danger. (In view of foreign opinion the Empire argument must be advanced *sotto voce*, but it can be advanced effectively all the same). In their new role of hundred per cent. Covenanters the Government are happily placed for an election. The Labour Party, which has a constructive peace policy of its own and plenty of ground for criticism of the Government's past, will have difficulty in making an effective appeal to the electorate at a moment when the Government are doing what the Labour Party has always told them to do. The chief issue of the election will be rearmament or a new effort at international disarmament. Opposition to the Government will only grow serious if the League fails. From the Government's point of view, the earlier the election the better. It will not be exactly a khaki election: but a League of Nations plus rearmament cry cuts across party divisions and exactly suits the National Government's book.

War News and Italian Opinion

The "stain of Adowa" has been wiped out, and with it, one hopes, something of that "inferiority complex" which we have been long told keeps every good Blackshirt awake at night grieving over this forty-year-old blot on Italian honour. In fact the Abyssinians have scarcely begun to fight. They are playing their own war game, and made no serious effort to hold Adowa, well knowing that the farther the Italians go and the more tenuous their communications, the greater their embarrassments and the more opportunity for guerrilla warfare. Disease, above all dysentery, will inevitably begin to play its devastating part. A few Italians have been killed; groups of Abyssinians have been caught and shot down or bombed. But there has been little fighting so far—as English newspaper readers are beginning to realise as they watch with breathless interest the successive reports of speedily discredited stories of great engagements that never took place.

It is not the fault of the correspondents, who do their best to create news out of flying rumours. The Negus has now put a stop to the publication of these rumours from Addis Ababa, and "news from the front" has consequently dried up. But if English people find it difficult to form an opinion of what is happening, they are far better informed than the unfortunate Italians. The crux of the League's task is to disillusion the Italian people. There is an undercurrent of discontent in Italy which may in time turn to disillusion and revolt against the Duce if the Powers now trying to stop his adventure can only convey to the Italian people that we have no quarrel with them and not even any objection to their having a larger place in the sun. That should be the object of everyone to-day—to disillusion Italy about the Duce. It is not an easy task: it is the basic condition for a satisfactory conclusion of this tragedy.

The League and Sanctions

The opening session of the League Assembly on Wednesday ratified with only two dissentients the Council's condemnation of Italy. Nobody is surprised at the Austrian attitude; the present Fascist regime in Austria is Mussolini's puppet and cannot do otherwise than cling to its master. Hungary is freer; her choice is based on a deliberate calculation—or miscalculation—of her economic and political interests. There are still doubts about certain other States, whose line has not yet been declared. Switzerland, for example, may be reluctant to push a boycott of Italy to any serious length. We may assume that Germany will join Austria and Hungary in assisting Italy, and we may assume also the probability of some American aid—certain business quarters in the U.S.A. have already protested against Mr. Roosevelt's warning regarding trade with the combatants. But all this will not go very far to relieve Italy's anxieties, provided that a full embargo is imposed and maintained by the rest. The proviso is, of course, important; a partial embargo, or "reservations" by one State or another may result in a pinch that merely irritates.

Anglo-Egyptian Relations

A march-past in Alexandria of a combined force of British blue-jackets and Egyptian soldiers is a striking sign of the friendly and prudent relations between the two countries in the present crisis. Those relations may, and we hope will, become still more friendly if we are prepared to consider some of Egypt's legitimate claims, when the crisis is over. There is no reason why an effort should not be made to settle the "reserved questions" that were put on the shelf some years back. Two of these —the abolition of the Capitulations and the removal of the Army of Occupation—could and should have been settled, and settled in Egypt's favour, long ago. But at the moment, as is made clear in a very interesting message in last Wednesday's *Times* from its Alexandria correspondent, Egyptian feeling is concentrated on certain other matters. Egypt wants to be a member of the League of Nations. Why should we continue to prevent her? In principle we have no right, and in fact the supposed danger to British interests is negligible. Egypt also wants a larger army of her own. That to many of us may not seem a particularly laudable ambition; but it is a natural ambition in the present mad world of armed and re-arming nations, and again one which Great Britain can hardly oppose on moral grounds. As for the risks, they are doubtless not quite negligible, but it may be good policy to take them.

The German Food Shortage

Whatever else Germany may do to help the Italians, when the pinch of sanctions comes, she will be in no position to feed them. The food shortage in Berlin and other towns is acute. The best cuts of meat can be got by those who can afford them; but of the cheaper kinds, especially of pork, there is a serious scarcity. The Berlin public authorities are taking severe measures against butchers who break the price regulations, but keeping prices down will not increase the quantity. Nor is it only meat that cannot be got; the supplies of butter, lard and margarine are utterly inadequate. The Germans in fact are being forced to pull in their belts to pay for their armaments. While the general masses are thus half-starved, it looks from the latest reports as though the Jews in particular may be in an even worse case in the near future. It is said that Jews, as "second-class citizens," are to be excluded from the "Winter Relief Fund," which will mean that a vast number of the poorest of them—twenty or thirty thousand in Berlin alone—must depend on the charity of their better-off brethren. And those better-off brethren are a rapidly diminishing body under the Nazi persecutions.

The Election in Canada

The Canadian General Election, with nearly 900 candidates contending for 245 seats, is very much an open matter. The Conservatives will of course lose, and the Liberals gain, seats. But will there be a Liberal majority? Or will the newer parties hold the balance of power? The least known factor in the situation is Mr. Stevens's Reconstruction Party, originally a breakaway from the Conservatives, but reinforced by certain younger Liberal and Radical elements. Mr. Stevens has 173 candidates in the field, as against 242 Liberals and 231 Conservatives. Most of the prophets seem to consider his chances far from good. The Social Credit Party, with 46 candidates, will not make much impression outside Alberta. The Co-operative Commonwealth Federation, with 118 candidates, hopes to gain seats; but no one knows how much it has suffered from the competition of Mr. Stevens, or from the rise of Social Credit as a political force. In Quebec the Liberals will make large gains. Elsewhere, the issue is very uncertain, except in the Conservative strongholds in the East. The outcome will probably be a Liberal Ministry; the question is whether it will have to depend for support on the minority parties. Whatever the result of the election, nothing very drastic is likely to be done.

The Miners' Case

The miners' campaign for higher wages is to culminate in a big London meeting, with Mr. Lansbury among the speakers—for his resignation of the leadership of the Labour Party does not prevent him from remaining the greatest platform figure on the Labour side. The miners' case, in terms of the wages they are receiving at present, is overwhelmingly strong. A generation ago, they were reckoned among the most highly paid bodies of skilled workers, whereas to-day highly skilled miners often get less than unskilled labourers in more fortunate industries.

This applies especially in the exporting areas, such as Durham and South Wales; but it is also largely true of areas where output is mainly consumed at home. The coalowners' answer is that, low as the present wages are, they cannot afford to pay more. This is true in some areas, if the present level of profits from the sale of coal is to be taken as a sufficient criterion. But is it? The miners hold that the ability to pay could be considerably increased if the industry were better organised, and that the claim to a living wage ought to take precedence of all other claims. The owners refuse to meet them nationally to discuss the position; and the Government, to which they have appealed, will apparently do nothing. The industry is, therefore, drifting towards a national strike, for which only the owners and such persons as the Bishop of Durham will have the face to blame the miners.

Future of the B.B.C.

With the B.B.C. Charter expiring in 1936, it is to be hoped that the official Committee now inquiring into the progress and organisation of the B.B.C. will soon produce its report. In the meantime, the *Political Quarterly* has very wisely produced in its October issue a series of five articles by competent authorities, who deal with the present constitution and finances of the B.B.C., discuss its programmes and compare its record and methods with those of foreign broadcasting systems. Bernard Shaw leads off with a youthful introduction on "The Tell-tale Microphone." He delights to see in "mike" the downfall of Parliamentary discussion and the end of the nonsense talked on political platforms. He has noticed, as we have, that, deprived of the hypnotic atmosphere of the public meeting, demagogues quickly prick their own bubbles by empty rhetoric over the wireless. A windy wireless orator is "laughed at, slept through, or switched off" by the listener. That is true. But Bernard Shaw forgets the example of Germany when he suggests that the wireless cannot be used with terrible effect for the most unscrupulous propaganda. The truth is that wireless propaganda needs a new and a better technique than platform oratory, and that it will transform democracy. The change will be all to the good provided that we have free discussion of more than one point of view over the radio, and provided that wireless propaganda is checked by the free criticism of the printed word.

League's Personalities

Next week THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION hopes to publish the first of a series of remarkable drawings of League personalities by Kapp. The fineness of Kapp's portraiture has not hitherto been fully appreciated by the public owing to the technical difficulties of reproduction in periodicals. The present series will be produced on special paper as separate Supplements to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION by the offset process that proved so successful in the case of Low's two series of caricatures in this journal. Kapp's series will start with drawings of Baron Aloisi, the Italian spokesman at Geneva, Mr. Hawariat, the Abyssinian delegate, Signor Madariaga, Chairman of the Committee of Five and Mr. Litvinov, Russia's Foreign Minister.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.; Canada, 1½d.

THE CRUSADE FOR CIVILISATION

MUSSOLINI's "crusade for civilisation" has now been in progress for something over a week. The Italian forces have won without much difficulty a spectacular success, which everybody expected, by the capture of Adowa. Of course this means nothing decisive from a military point of view; the main lines of the Abyssinian defence lie farther up in the mountains and in widespread guerrilla tactics. But already in these first few days of fighting there has been a heavy butchery. Though we have no official casualty lists as yet, it seems pretty clear that the losses of the "barbarians" amount to some thousands and those of the "crusaders" to a good many hundreds. The rate of destruction will no doubt rise rapidly, as the Italian bombing planes get busier (they are expected to visit Addis Ababa directly the Italian Minister and his entourage have left) and particularly if the reports of the use of mustard gas prove to be true. It was in these circumstances that the Council of the League passed sentence on Italy last Monday, and that the unfortunate Baron Aloisi had to state Mussolini's ludicrous demand for a postponement till his Government had had time to consider the report of the Committee of Six. This was too much even for M. Laval, and it provoked Mr. Eden to a very proper display of temper. The delays and shufflings at Geneva have long been a scandal. They have played week by week and month by month into Mussolini's hands—have, in fact, been directly responsible for the slaughter and devastation that we are witnessing in Africa to-day. Speed now is imperative in atoning for the weakness of the past, and we hope and believe that the British Government, which has taken the leadership and whose firmness is all important, will set its face against any more shilly-shallying.

The endorsement by the Assembly of the Council's finding was a foregone conclusion. But momentous as this is as a vindication of the Covenant and an assertion of the principle of collective security, there are obvious dangers and difficulties in the practical application of Article XVI. Military sanctions are by general consent ruled out, for the present at least, and unless Mussolini runs amok—and, mad as he is, we do not believe that he yet contemplates suicide by plunging into an armed conflict with the League Powers. What effectiveness then, can we count on from financial and economic sanctions? Much, if they are applied loyally and resolutely by all the Members of the League—or, to be more exact, by certain Members, who hold a key position. Little, if, besides Hungary and Austria, other States such as Jugoslavia, Rumania, Switzerland, Poland, Spain, prove unwilling to offend Italy, or—what would weigh more with them—to sacrifice their trade interests. Those interests are in some cases substantial; one need only instance the Italian imports of pigs from Jugoslavia. There are also two Powers outside the League which have to be taken into account. The attitude of the United States, as President Roosevelt's proclamation makes clear, is encouraging. Germany is much more doubtful; but economic assistance to Italy on a large scale would not be a perfectly simple matter for the Germans, and it would not in any event destroy the efficacy of a boycott by all

other States. We may summarise the situation by saying that even if the U.S.A., Germany, Austria, Hungary and Switzerland continued to take their present quota of Italian exports, a refusal of Italian exports by the remaining League Powers would make it impossible for Italy to purchase more than a fraction of her present imports. Mussolini's position would soon be impossible.

Apart from these merely or mainly mercenary considerations, there is what may be called, for short, the political danger. That danger is M. Laval and his policy. M. Laval represents France—or rather, misrepresents France, for, on a democratic reckoning, he is in a minority as against the forces of Radicalism, Socialism and Communism united in the *Front Populaire*. He has hostile critics in his own Cabinet, and not all the fractions on the Right are his faithful supporters. Nevertheless, he is in a position to speak for France and to push his conception of French policy in the councils of the nations. His policy, as everyone knows, has from the outset been one of complaisance to Mussolini, of efforts to make a settlement with Mussolini which only Mussolini's own intransigence has defeated. He has been driven at last to stand with Great Britain for the League, but his position is little to his taste. He has apparently not given up the hope, even at this stage, of persuading the Fascist leopard to change, or at least colour-wash, his spots. He would doubtless be ready enough to effect a deal with the Duce at the expense of both Abyssinia and the League, though that, so long as the British Government is firm—and we see no present sign of its weakening—will not be possible. What is possible, if not probable, is that M. Laval will try to put the brake on any sanctions which are applied, to ease the pressure on Italy, and thus to continue his game of running with the hare and hunting with the hounds. Such a policy will produce disaster in the long run. If Mussolini's aggression is successful it must mean the collapse of the League. And if that collapse is brought about by French intrigue, what stands between France and the German danger which is the prime concern of M. Laval as of all other Frenchmen? Not Great Britain, we think. Nor are half-hearted economic sanctions the best way of avoiding more serious trouble; as soon as they are seen to be ineffective, there will be a growing demand for military sanctions, and M. Laval's caution may land him and the rest of us in precisely what he set out to escape.

M. Laval's position is, of course, precarious. He may be turned out when the Chamber meets, to make way for a better man. Or alternatively, his Government might disappear in a more dramatic fashion. We hear predictions of grim developments in France in the near future. The *Front Populaire*—that is to say, all organised Labour and Socialism and the great body of Liberal opinion—is solid for the League and for rigorous sanctions. The opposition is not confined, as it is here, to a small section of pacifists and a handful of die-hard isolationists and Mosleyites. The pro-Italian and Fascist forces in France are a mixed lot, but they are, in the view of the *Front Populaire* at least, a formidable lot. The newspapers of the Right which shout "Vive l'Italie" and "A bas la Société des Nations," and even "A bas l'Angleterre," may be discounted as bribed noise-makers. But there are others who mean business, whose motto is "A bas la démocratie," who in fact want a Fascist France, and are suspected of preparing to get it by force. The *Croix de Feu* is known to be well supplied with arms; it counts, or thinks it can count, on widespread support from outside its own ranks (from the *Front Paysan*, for example), and is plotting, we are told, to seize Paris. How far this fear on the part of the Left is justified we do not know. We do not believe that, even were such a *coup* attempted, it would be successful in overthrowing democracy and establishing Fascism in the France of to-day.

But what about the France of to-morrow? Suppose the Italian "crusade" succeeds in acquiring a new empire in Africa, in destroying the League and discrediting the democratic Governments of Europe, would not this Fascist triumph give an immense fillip to the cause of Fascism here, there and everywhere, and not least in France? The *Front Populaire* is in no more doubt about that than is the British Labour movement. Neither is it under any illusion as to the meaning of this struggle with Mussolini. It is not a sentimental defence of "poor little Abyssinia," though every decent man may sympathise with and desire to aid the Abyssinians. It is more than a dutiful assertion of the abstract principles of peace and justice. It is a stand against an aggressive Fascism which is using war as well as lies as its instrument first to pick up a colony in Africa, and then to impose its own brutal system in Europe. That view of the conflict is not confined to Socialists. Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues, who are not Socialists, but most of whom believe in democracy, should share it. If they do, they will not provide ladders for Mussolini to get out of the pit that he dug for himself.

THE PROBLEM OF COLONIAL EMPIRE—I.

WHAT are the advantages of colonial empire? After centuries of controversy, the question is still unanswered, or, at any rate, there is no answer that finds any general acceptance. Cobden would have said unhesitatingly "none at all"; and in his own day he found many to agree with him. But there are very few Cobdenites in that sense nowadays—fewer by far even than Free Traders, in a tariff-ridden world. Most people are imperialists of a sort, unless they are anti-imperialists whose hostility to empire is based on disapproval of exploitation, rather than on the view that empire does not pay.

But, if there are advantages in possessing a colonial empire, what are they, and on what do they depend? One answer is prestige; and that counts for more than it is at all pleasant to believe—for nothing is more fertile of war than the notion of national and imperial prestige. Empire is a sign of national greatness. Therefore, every State that means to be great must have colonies. The colour on the map is the means used in every country to teach children the notion of national greatness. Germany, which lost her colonial empire in the war, must somehow get it back. Italy, which is setting up as a *novus homo* among the Great Powers, must somehow carve out an empire not incomparable with theirs, no matter how much blood is spilt or justice outraged in the process. As the millionaire's wife counts diamonds, nations count colonies, not only for their intrinsic virtues or advantages, but as symbols of superiority over the common herd.

There must, however, be more to it than that. At any rate, most of the imperialists suppose there is. What then? Advantages for the trade of the step-mother country, advantages for its concession-hunters, jobs for its younger sons, perhaps fields for the export of its surplus population as well as its surplus goods? Sources of wanted raw materials, which

can be monopolised or at least kept securely within the currency area of the home country? Supplies of cheap labour, or even of military reinforcement by native troops? Coaling-stations and bases for fleets and air forces? Convenient stepping-off points for harrying rivals in case of war? The enumeration is not exhaustive; but it is enough to show how, even apart from the matter of prestige, economic and military considerations are jumbled together in this passion for empires that besets the great States of to-day.

How much is there in the economic arguments? The French colonial empire, which stands next to the British, is virtually a closed economic territory, apart from the concessions that have to be made to the "open door" in the mandated territories. The British colonial empire, on the other hand, has been till quite lately open to the trade of all comers on equal terms. Yet it cannot be argued that the French have in fact made more of comparable parts of their empire than we of ours. This is sometimes put down to our superior virtue, or to our sagacity in handling "natives"; but it is in fact largely due to the superior capacity of the British money market. For many decades the British had spare money to invest abroad, and they developed a highly skilled technique of overseas investment. British investors and adventurers took up the exploitation of the colonies, and as British business people largely dominated their import trade, the bulk of their orders went to Great Britain, even in the absence of a preferential tariff. The French public, on the other hand, though it had money to spare had no taste for adventurous colonial investments; and so the closed French colonies remained largely undeveloped, except where, as in the case of Algeria, they were so unified with the mother-country as to become practically part of the home market.

The technique of skilled colonial investment has been for the most part almost a British monopoly, though the Dutch have something of it and the Belgians something too. The Americans have put capital heavily into Cuba and the Philippines; but they have been for the most part undiscriminating investors overseas. The French and Germans and Italians certainly do not take the view, which we took in the past, that colonies can be of most use to the step-mother country if the door is left open to all: nor, probably, should we have taken it but for our own free trade system and our strongly entrenched position in the capital market. We do not take it now; though our Empire is still much less closed than the French, the Ottawa Conference and the fear of Japanese competition have been used to draw the bands about it a good deal tighter than they used to be.

It is chimerical, in these days of outrageous economic nationalism, to look to countries which pursue such policies at home to show any liberality in their handling of colonial problems. But the more illiberal the existing empires become, the greater becomes the desire of the States without empires to get colonies of their own, in which to pursue the same exclusive policy. If they are to be shut out from the markets of other empires, they feel they must get markets which they can monopolise for themselves. If the raw materials in other countries' colonies are to be kept to feed those countries' industries, or sold to outsiders only on less favourable terms, they feel they must get supplies of raw materials under their own flag. If currencies are to be unstable, they feel they must build up currency areas of their own, in which to trade and buy materials without fear of monetary fluctuations.

These arguments are powerful in the present state of the world in which two blacks are more and more taken to mean a white. But they are reinforced by the military arguments. Areas which yield war materials are prized above others, and the development of aerial warfare gives fresh value in war to colonies widely dispersed. Would we could show that these contentions have no substance: the trouble is that they have. If the world were sane, the Cobdenite case would be largely unanswerable on the economic plane; but it crumbles to dust in a world run mad.

To-day, the two countries chiefly affected are Italy and Germany. Italy, in the last war, was the brigand that was bilked. The other thieves went off with the spoil, professing the noblest intentions of holding it on trust for the brave new world, but keeping tight hold, so that almost none of it came Italy's way. Great Britain and her Dominions took Tanganyika, German South-West Africa, bits of Togoland and Cameroon, Palestine, Iraq (for a time), and a lot more. (The Mandate system had the advantage that the closed door was impossible, and it is worth while to remember that Germans have been freely allowed to acquire land in Tanganyika since the war). France took Syria, and acquired much additional territory in Northern and Central Africa. Japan mopped up the German sphere of influence in China, and proceeded in due course to swallow Manchuria in open defiance of the League and the Great Powers, including the U.S.A. In a world of brigandage, Italy has a brigand's grievance; it may feel just as unpleasant to be cheated of what does not belong to you as of what does. The burglar loves not the receiver who welshes with the stolen goods.

As for Germany, the colonial grievance is there only a part of a much wider resentment. The Allies took the German colonies, nominally for the League, and then parcelled them out among themselves. They disarmed Germany, and promised themselves to disarm. They starved the German people after the war was over, and, under pretext of impossible claims for reparations, invaded German territory again five years after the peace. They humiliated Germany as long as she lay prostrate to be kicked, and began to deal with her as an equal as soon as she kicked back. What is the obvious moral? Kick harder, and all things—including colonies—shall be added unto you. Germany has drawn that moral.

If great States are not to want colonies, what a lot of difficult conditions will have to be satisfied! Freedom to trade on equal terms, to get concessions on equal terms, to obtain assured supplies of necessary materials on equal terms, in colonies possessed by other States. Free outlets for migration, without racial or national discrimination. Some sublimated substitute for the sense of prowess which the possession of a colonial empire confers. And, last but not least, so great a sense of security from the danger of war that the military advantages of empire will simply cease to be considered. In effect, Utopia, or something not far short of Utopia. At any rate, a world most remarkably different from that in which we are living to-day.

The reformed burglar, even if his conversion be genuine, is not likely to be popular among his old associates who have not yet made their pile. When he preaches at them, they will not be impressed. That is our fate to-day. Sir Samuel Hoare's words may sound very noble to English ears, and be quite genuinely meant; but they sound very different to Mussolini, or even to the ordinary Italian citizen. We must stop Italy, if we can, for the sake of humanity's future; but the less we moralise about it the better, however sure we may be that we are, on this occasion, in the right. It will be time to trumpet our virtue when we have given the world a practical demonstration that we are not hypocrites, thinking more of Egypt and Suez than of Abyssinia, and of the prestige of the British Empire than of the future of the League. In short, by cooking Mussolini's goose, and then not gobbling it up ourselves.

But what practical demonstration can we give? The charge against us is that we are sitting tight on our own ill-gotten gains—our colonial empire that is so much the better part of the swag—and pretending virtuous indignation when any other Power ventures to challenge our supremacy. That view of our conduct is nearly as common in France as in Italy; we can by no means afford to dismiss it with a shrug. But what can we do to show that our conversion is sincere?

Sir Samuel Hoare, with his eyes on Germany as well as Italy, referred at Geneva to the possibility of a fairer distribution of the world's colonial products. What did he mean? If only that we are prepared to let Germany and Italy buy all they need in our colonial markets, the Germans and Italians

will say: "Thank you for nothing." They can do that now, if they have money enough, and the world is at peace. But they have no assurance of supplies in case of war, or threatened war, or the application of economic sanctions. Nor, even in peace, can they buy with their own currency, or at a price that represents a fixed value of their currency. They can get no preference, such as nations can enjoy when they have colonies of their own. They will acquire no prestige, no colonial appointments, no exclusive spheres of influence. They can look for no accession of military strength, no national air-routes over the world, no painting of the map black or brown, or dotting it over with swastikas and fasces, or hands uplifted in ceremonial salute.

Even if we could make large economic concessions, they would not meet the case. And, unless there were ample evidence of their value in purchasing world peace and content, there would be furious opposition to them at home. Presumably this would be reinforced by the refusal of the French to have anything to do with a proposal for opening colonial empires—for such a project runs directly counter to their basic policy of "assimilation." If Great Britain decides to re-liberalise her colonial economic policy, it is far more likely to be as part of a move back towards freer trade at home than as a means of meeting the demands of the Great Powers which lack colonial empires of their own. It will help, nevertheless, by weakening the economic case for empire; but no policy of economic concessions on the part of the British Empire will suffice to stop the Italians from wanting Abyssinia, or the Germans from watching for a favourable chance to demand the return of their lost colonies.

A LONDON DIARY

I am naturally sceptical of any *coup d'état* which is much talked about beforehand, but after conversation during the last few days with a number of French and British observers of the present situation in France, I am convinced that the danger of a Fascist attempt to seize power in France this autumn is considerable. Some believe that when Laval falls in November an attempt will be made by various anti-parliamentary organisations to forestall a government of the *Front Populaire*. I have been told of a list of prominent Left leaders who are immediately to be killed. The most sinister feature is the general belief that M. Laval is on the most intimate terms with Colonel De la Rocque, who is a good popular orator and a plausible soldier with plenty of connections in Society circles. His organisation, *Le Croix de Feu*, is disciplined and is supposed to have easy access to arms. The most dangerous development is the increased activity of the *Front Paysan*, in which various agrarian organisations have been combined and given a violently anti-democratic bias. The storm troopers of this new Fascist force are the *Ligue des Paysans*, whose Führer is M. Dorgères. He has several times been prosecuted for incitement to violence and after a recent speech at Rouen, in which he urged the audience to "invade the Chamber and shoot the damned lot" (all except M. Flandin who, poor man, was condemned to a slower execution on the nearest lamp-post), he was sentenced to eight months imprisonment, which, however, he has so far avoided serving. The Ligue's programme is the usual Fascist hotchpotch served up for peasants. It includes the revision of contracts, a moratorium of agricultural debts, the abrogation of the wheat and wine laws, the regulation of leases, restriction of imports, decreased taxation, etc., etc. The *Front Paysan* is reputed to be making rapid headway; it is anti-Laval, of course, but it is even more vehemently anti-democratic.

* * *

On the other side the *Front Populaire* is immensely strong and its recent demonstrations in Paris have been vast, earnest and at least superficially united. It must be remembered, too, that the peasants are not really Fascists in the sense that the *Croix de Feu* and other patriotic groups are Fascist. They merely have grievances and are tired, like everyone else, of the corruption and muddle of the French parliamentary system. (Some sort of dictatorship must come in any case in France before very long, unless the parliamentary system is reformed.) The peasant front might under certain circumstances, I imagine, be switched over to quite a different allegiance. Moreover, the hatred of Fascism in many provincial towns is terrific; the leaders of the *Front Populaire* are fully alive to the danger and any attempt at a Fascist coup would certainly meet with most energetic resistance. There would be fighting everywhere. Pétain and some of the senior army officers are said to be already in league with the Fascist groups, but many of the junior officers and a large part of the army are supposed to be loyal to the Republic. I asked one friend what the army would do in the event of an attempted *coup d'état*. He said that, as in the famous case of General Boulanger's coup, the army would probably be "confined to barracks." It is impossible to guess whether all this excitement really means anything like civil war in the near future. A good deal depends on the success of the League; the battle for and against sanctions has become a struggle for and against Fascism. In any case, the most urgent problem for the *Front Populaire* is to improve its constructive policy. As a body of resistance, I am quite sure that it is powerful, but if it is allowed to form a government it may easily give the Fascists an excellent chance by having no clear-cut policy ready to meet the situation. In the vital sphere of finance, for instance, it is trying to combine a policy of satisfying the opposite demands of the workers and the peasants without devaluing the franc—which I should have thought obviously impossible.

* * *

The *Daily Mail* has been in an extraordinary position during the last few weeks. It has always profited by war. Its circulation went up from half a million to a million in the beginning of the Boer War which, as everyone will agree, it did its best to promote. Throughout its career it has loved war as a blue-bottle loves carrion. But nowadays it loves Fascism, too, and hates the League. Therefore, it has been more Italian than Mussolini and more isolationist than Lord Beaverbrook, but when Sir Samuel Hoare made a speech at Geneva it perceived that its new-found pacifism might put it into opposition to national sentiment. It therefore swung round in a leader headed, "Our Country Right or Wrong," explaining that, while it was sure that Great Britain is wrong in getting involved in these continental troubles, yet, at a pinch, a patriotic newspaper must support the British Government right or wrong. Its latest joke has been to hold a ballot on the subject of sanctions, the result of which appeared on October 7th. The voting showed 3 to 1 against economic sanctions and 5 to 1 against military sanctions, and a statistical analysis was provided of the *percentages* of the votes cast. As the actual figures were not given, these percentages mean almost nothing—there may, as far as we know, have only been a few hundred people who voted. The leading article on the same day said that "the result of the national ballot which the *Daily Mail* has just taken, and which is *fully analysed* in our columns to-day, is most significant and *entirely representative*." The italics are mine.

* * *

A business service organisation in the United States, in its latest bulletin, which has come my way, holds up for admiration the methods of a department store in Sioux City, Iowa, which "probably sells more men's garters (*anglice*, sock suspenders) than any other store in the country." The method adopted is to write twice a year to all the male customers on the books, reminding them of "the excruciating embarrassment which results when your sock suspenders default on the ballroom floor." A reply card is enclosed, and customers using it become "Knights of the Pelletier Garter Club," a fresh pair being sent them automatically every four months!

* * *

Sir Samuel Hoare's statement at Geneva about the right of every nation to free access to raw materials would have

meant more if he had said free access to colonial *markets*. But it was a far-reaching statement and a symptom, I believe, of a new attitude in this country to the problems of Empire and their relation to war. I am glad to see that the National Peace Council intends to explore the implications of Sir Samuel's statement and that it has called a whole-day Conference on the Colonial problem in its relation to military aggression for October 29th. The speakers announced include Sir Arthur Salter, Lord Lothian, Mr. Leonard Barnes, Mr. Roden Buxton, and Professors Norman Bentwich, H. J. Laski, William Macmillan (of the University of Johannesburg and an old contributor to this journal), and A. J. Toynbee. The Conference may be the beginning of a movement which will transform ideas of Imperial "ownership."

* * *

Only a few years ago if you wanted to go to Manchester or Plymouth or Edinburgh and were not the owner of a large car, you knew that you would go by train, and an A.B.C. or Bradshaw was all you required. To-day you need to know whether there is an aeroplane service or a motor coach that suits you better than a train, and it would have saved me a lot of troublesome inquiries on more than one occasion if I had known that a time-table exists which gives the air and road services as well as the trains. I find now that such a time-table does exist, though for reasons of bulk only a selection of coach services are included. It is called the *A* to *Z* Time-table, and is published at 1*s*. 6*d*. every month by Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. The reason why this very useful publication is not used by everyone in preference to an A.B.C. is explained in an editorial note to the September issue.

> The *A* to *Z* Time-tables are obtainable on all the stations of the London Passenger Transport Board and at every first-class bookseller or newsagent throughout the country, but, unfortunately, the sale has now been prohibited on the bookstalls of the four great Railway Companies of Great Britain, because we give information of competing services.
>
> We have told you that if you travel to Glasgow by air, you save 1 hour and 55 minutes on the time by rail, and that if you elect to travel to Glasgow by coach, the time of the journey will be 9 hours and 56 minutes more than the train at a saving of 20*s*. 3*d*. on the third class fare. . . .

Apparently the sale of the *A* to *Z* Time-table increases rapidly in spite of the railway bookstall ban, and I suspect that the railway companies will soon think better of their decision. You could not find a better example, in a small way, of the absurdity of competition in a public service. Actually, of course, as the *A* to *Z* editorial for October points out "the Railways will in any case continue to carry the lion's share of the passenger traffic for many years to come."

* * *

The scene was in the middle of the Italian quarter in Soho. An urchin was selling evening papers and holding a poster: "Italy Bombs Women and Children." A passer-by bought a paper and said: "Aren't you afraid of showing that poster here?" The small boy's reply has unfortunately to be bowdlerised. "Me scared? I don't care a damn for them wops!"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5*s*. for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Mr. J. B. McNulty.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

> British sympathy from time immemorial has always been with the "underdog."
>
> This was the case in the Boer War.—*Daily Mail* leader.

> Another way to stop war was by one of the combatants refusing to fight, and he would suggest that through pressure from Geneva the Emperor should evacuate his whole population into British, and, if possible, French Somaliland. Volunteers could be sent out from the Churches to house and clothe the people.—*Glasgow Herald.*

> Worshippers who are kind enough to contribute buttons to the collections are requested to bring their own and not pull them off the hassocks. This plea is made by the Rev. G. R. Balleine, vicar of St. James's Church, Bermondsey, in the current parish magazine. —*Times.*

> Now Wagner was an artist, but he was by no means so artistic as all that. On the contrary, he was actively engaged at this time in a love affair with a married lady.—*Sunday Referee.*

> England, this great country of ours, has always been, and must always be the standard against which other countries measure their height—yes, and maybe their strength.—*Tatler.*

> There is every reason to believe—and those who have lived amongst Jews generally realise it—that the type of Jew coming under Hitler's ban would be anything but welcome in a place such as Montrose.—*Montrose Standard and Argus.*

> When Miss Freda Heaton goes as a bride to the altar of St. John's Church, Roundhay, Leeds, on Saturday she will kneel on the love-letters she has received during her courtship. They will fill the altar cushion which will be used at her marriage. . . . Miss Heaton told me to-day that the idea was that of her mother, Mrs. W. Heaton, of Park Lane, Leeds. The love-letters were first torn into small pieces, and then put into the white satin lining.
>
> "Nobody wants to get rid of love-letters, and this seems an excellent way of using them," she added.
>
> "We shall keep the cushion and the letters in our new home, and if we want to read them again it will be fun piecing them up like a jig-saw."—*Daily Mail.*

> When the groom is an Army man the modern bride can have her cake decorated in "military" style. The whole of the decoration may show various notes dealing with the service, such as flags, orders, rifles, etc., with a gun as the top ornament. These, of course, are of sugar to match the icing, and so cleverly and artistically is the work done that the full dignity of the Army is preserved.—*The Star.*

> An official of the Automobile Association said that while it was difficult to express an opinion at such an early stage in the experiment, there was no doubt that if pedestrians could be encouraged to use the crossings it would be found that the overwhelming majority of motorists, who were reasonable drivers, would accede to the pedestrians' wishes to cross the road in safety.—*Liverpool Daily Post.*

> Muni, Star of Stars, blasts the lid off Hell with a load of entertainment. . . . *Black fury*. . . . Intestinal fortitude is what it took to make it.—Advt. in *Evening Standard.*

LAND SETTLEMENT

III.—AGRICULTURE VERSUS OTHER INDUSTRIES

IN two previous articles I have tried to outline the possibilties for increased land settlement in this country and to indicate the real and imagined benefits that might accrue to the community thereby. I have approached the subject from a rural and an agricultural angle, for there I am on familiar ground. But I have endeavoured to do so as one who realises that agriculture is only part of the puzzle that confronts economists to-day, and therefore must be fitted into the completed picture.

Can we increase employment by land settlement? I can find no support, either among economists or farmers, for the five hundred thousand new settlers Mr. Lloyd George visualises. Naturally it would increase employment on the land, if steps were taken to make food dear enough, just as an Act of Parliament forbidding the use of any agricultural machinery and prohibiting increased imports of food would probably absorb the whole 2,000,000 unemployed into agriculture at the price of a standard of living that took us back to Tudor times. And without going to such lengths as this, we only need think of the imports of very cheap foodstuffs, giving to those abroad who produce them a return which would make the farmers of all England as vocal in their cries of despair as those of East Anglia, to realise that there are not such very wide limits to an

expansionist policy in agriculture under existing conditions. For there is an unfortunately large proportion of our population for whom the only alternative to very cheap food is less food, however plausibly some of our modern Marie Antoinettes may say they should eat cake instead of bread. One of the chief hopes of English agriculture lies in enabling these to buy more home-grown food.

Land settlement is, of course, an "artificial" way of expanding agricultural production, in the sense that it is a departure from the old ideas of *laisser faire*. But all planning is artificial in this sense, just as tariffs, quotas, subsidies and marketing schemes are an effort consciously to control and direct our economic life instead of relying upon the blind, rule-of-thumb methods of the Victorian "laws of economics." The old methods have broken down because people began breaking the rules of the game when the first country decided to give a home industry the unfair advantage of "protection." It is doubtful if the old methods would work smoothly under the most favourable conditions with the organisation and development of industry that have taken place in recent years. The dumping and subsidising of surplus production has become too easy, so we are forced to fall back upon a slender reserve of human intelligence to repair the damage and get out of the mess. With so much of our export trade gone and no immediate prospect of its return, we have been compelled to abandon our intentional neglect of home agriculture in the interests of cheapening our goods for export and to turn back to the rural population as consumers of industrial products and producers of the food that formerly paid for our exports. The real question is—how much scope is there for the land to attract more people to it without (*a*) lowering urban standards of living by too expensive food and (*b*) demanding too low a standard of living from the rural population by too cheap food?

Mr. Elliot's experiments have been concerned with trying to strike this balance. There have been successes and failures, but I am prepared to argue that he has met with a large measure of success with bacon, mutton, lamb, sugar and potatoes—all of which have been giving better returns to the producer or expanding production without causing undue hardship to the consumer. We are still, however, in the early stages—too early, in my opinion, to generalise from the results for the purpose of embarking upon any monster "back-to-the-land" campaign that reckons new settlers in tens of thousands. The distributive side has so far been ignored, but part of the burden the producer carries on his back is the swelling army of retailers—far too many for much opportunity to profiteer as individuals, but numerous enough in the aggregate to extract far too great a toll from the total paid by the consumer for his food. It will be an invidious task to readjust this balance, but it is a task that will have to be tackled if the national bias in favour of agriculture is to be emphasised. It is easy to condemn the folly of five different milk roundsmen serving the inhabitants of one small street; it is quite a different matter to put it right. The milk distributor—I think quite unjustly—receives more for distributing each gallon of milk than the farmer receives for the trouble and risk and skill involved in producing it; the man who squirts out an empty milk churn with a jet of steam receives better wages than a head dairyman—a highly skilled farm worker who bears great responsibilities and puts in a 58 hour week, Sundays included.

These are disproportionate balances between town and country that have thrust deep roots into the life of the community through the generations in which we have deliberately sacrificed farming to industry. It will not be easy to readjust them, unless a great increase in national wealth provides a heaven-sent opportunity to level up rural standards without levelling down others.

Yet the truth is, I think, that urban and rural interests are far more nearly one than either town or country people imagine. I never cease to be astonished at the industrialists who believe that a half-clothed, underpaid native in Timbuctoo is a more intrinsically valuable customer than a comparatively well-off farm labourer in Sussex. But it is equally amazing to find farmers who are under the impression that the way to prosperity is to make food so expensive that less of it can be eaten, or that they will do better business by throwing out of work even more urban customers who exist on the remains of our export trade. The manufacturer should have every reason to welcome increased rural purchasing power; the farmer's best hope of selling more of the high quality produce of our soil is that the wheels of industry should become busy again, with coal miners able to buy English rump steaks once more.

It will be seen how large a part the Marketing Acts will have to play in re-establishing this balance. For the Boards will give the producers collective power to achieve what they could never bring about as individuals, and what no politician would ever dare attempt openly on their behalf. By this I do not mean forcing up prices to the consumer—rather the reverse. The Boards can bring about differential prices to certain classes of consumers—as they have done already in a small way with milk and potatoes, and as the railways have done in a large way with cheap day tickets, workmen's tickets, season tickets and many other concessions to certain classes of users or at certain times or for certain occasions. A vast field is open to the Boards in this respect to increase the consumption of home produce and to bring what we now call surplus food into use. But the Boards will also have the power—and they will develop the technique of using it—to insist that the producer shall obtain "a larger share of the consumer's dollar," and if they can only make the consumer believe that they are deeply concerned for his interest, they can press on where politicians dare not tread. The confidence and support of the consumer is vital to agricultural expansion.

Lastly, there is the apparently vicious circle in which more people on the land and greater food production must be reconciled with prosperous urban industries and yet lower food imports. But is it really as hopeless as this? Greater prosperity at home means greater demand for raw materials—copper and other metals for electrical and mechanical development, rubber for motor tyres, cotton, wool and leather for clothing, and a hundred and one other things we should have to buy from abroad in greater quantities if our standard of living rose. I believe it is true that the years of our greatest volume of exports, and of greatest prosperity, have coincided with the years when imports also have been greatest. Greater prosperity at home also means greater consumption of food, and since 1909 this has increased by 17 per cent. Even so, county medical officers are reporting cases of rickets that amount to 30 per cent. of the children examined, and there is estimated to be at least 25 per cent. of the population unable to afford a diet necessary to safeguard it against malnutrition and disease. In any such diet the fresh produce of our own land plays an important part. I cannot subscribe to the pessimistic view that we are near the limit of food consumption in this country, although I believe that immediate launching out on a scale of land settlement as grandiose as that proposed by Mr. Lloyd George would, to say the least of it, be putting the cart before the horse. But I do submit that the chief enemy of English agriculture is not the threat of imported food, but low purchasing power, bad housekeeping and waste in food production and marketing.

L. F. EASTERBROOK

PLEASING THE FOREIGNER

I DOUBT whether there has ever been a time in the history of the world at which foreigners were so popular as they are to-day. We have lost much of that savage instinct that regards a stranger as a sinister-looking fellow and a potential enemy. I am sure that much of the persecution of the Jews was due to the fact that they kept their racial characteristics and in most of the countries in which they lived had a foreign look. To-day, however, the attitude to the foreigner is changing. Over most of the world men are saying to each other: "The foreigner is a good man. He has money, and, if we

are nice to him, he may come and spend it among us." This is the result of the enormous increase in travel. Everybody who has saved twenty pounds is a traveller nowadays, and, if he has a little more, he will find himself tempted by the advertisements to go and see how much he is beloved at the Taj Mahal, on the South African veldt and in the ports of the South Sea Islands. Even countries in a state of revolution do their best to persuade the foreigner that, though the natives may hate each other to the point of throwing bombs, no foreigner will ever be hit except by accident. I have sometimes wondered why revolutionary countries do not go farther than this and offer foreign visitors special cheap fares to the scene of revolution. I am sure that thousands of people would rush to buy tickets for a specially conducted tour through a revolutionary area.

We have evidence of the growing love of foreigners in the way in which even Soviet Russia and Hitlerite Germany go out of their way to invite foreign visitors to their shores. They may hate foreign ideas as most other countries hate foreign goods; but they are human enough to love foreign money and foreign good will. Where it is a question of getting hold of a foreigner's money, there is neither East nor West, border, nor breed, nor birth. Money is the great leveller: it makes all—or nearly all—men equally welcome. I have a Communist friend who is greeted as enthusiastically in the more expensive hotels of Rome and Venice as if he were one of Mussolini's ministers. Even in so politically minded a country as Ireland, the hotel-keepers make no distinctions on the score of politics among their guests. In Scotland, again, a Wee Free hotel proprietor will let his best bedroom as readily to a rich atheist as to a poor-looking Christian. Thus the love of money, which is commonly supposed to make men narrow and miserly, appears really to broaden the mind as few other things can. Prejudice disappears in a misty glow of universal benevolence. The catering sections of the community, indeed, have gone far beyond the statesmen in putting into practice that universal good will which to many people seems a Utopian dream. In the hotels and restaurants, more than anywhere else, all men are equal—if they have money in their pockets.

Japan, I see, is the latest country to join in the great Love-the-Foreigner Movement. Japan—like most of the Far East, indeed—was once supposed to be hostile to foreigners. I do not know whether the Japanese ever spoke of their guests as "foreign devils" as the Chinese did; but for a time they seemed to regard them as intruders rather than as blood-brothers from across the sea. Now that is all to be changed. The foreigner is to be smiled on and made to enjoy himself, and everything is to be done to please him. A booklet of etiquette, entitled "How to Behave Before Foreigners," has just been published by the Japanese Board of Tourist Industry, telling the women and girls employed in hotels, restaurants, and places of amusement how to behave in such a way as not to offend the susceptibilities of foreign visitors. The first rule is: "Do not whisper among yourselves or titter in the presence of foreign visitors." That is a good rule. There are few things more embarrassing in a restaurant than to find oneself being stared at and tittered about by two whispering waitresses. One realises that they must have their fun like other people, but one hates to think that they may be making fun of oneself and even calling one the most offensive nicknames, such as "Elephant's Ears," "Cock Robin," or "Old Seed-cake." I have heard waitresses referring to their customers by names like these, and I never went back to the restaurant again, fearing the name they might have invented for me. There is one restaurant, however, where I do not mind being called after the dish I have ordered. In this restaurant, if your food takes a long time in coming, the manageress looks over at you sympathetically and calls out to a waitress: "There's a kidney-on-toast has been waiting there in the corner for twenty minutes. It's perfectly disgraceful." To her you are a kidney-on-toast till you have been served. But she is quite serious and friendly about it and does not deride you to the other waitresses as "Kidney-on-Toast" after you have gone. To-morrow she will know you as "Sausage-and-Mash" or "Haddock-and-Poached" or "Two-Fried-and-a-Back," according to your order; but it will all be done without a foolish and disturbing accompaniment of cachinnation, and, as a result, the customers of this lunch-house are among the most loyal in London.

The second rule to be observed by Japanese waitresses in the presence of foreigners is: "Don't imitate fancy gestures learned at the cinema, which will only excite disgust on the part of foreigners." I am not so sure about the virtue of this rule. Would it be so great a hardship, I wonder, to be waited on by an exact replica of Greta Garbo or Marlene Dietrich? It is true that it would be rather embarrassing, as one was drinking a cup of tea, to find a waitress gesticulating like a Spanish gipsy and dancing round the table with a red flower in her mouth. But there is a sympathetic quality in the fancy gestures of great film actresses that is far from disgusting and that, if it were adopted by the waitresses in a restaurant, might well lead to an enormous increase of customers. The third rule in the etiquette-book is sounder. It is: "Don't ask a foreigner's age unless it is absolutely required." It will be a bad day for the Savoy when a waiter is allowed, after taking a dowager's order, to say to her: "Excuse me, madam, but I should very much like to know how old you are." Apparently, in Japan this is a hobby, as it is among children in this part of the world. But, if you look into *Who's Who*, you will find that there are a considerable number of people who do not like to tell their ages. If it were made compulsory, before being served with a meal in a restaurant, to answer the question: "How old are you?" many of the best people would take to dining at home.

There is sound advice, again, in the rule: "Light pranks add zest to your service, but don't pull people's ears." I am not sure, indeed, that the rule goes far enough. It seems to me that a waitress should take a good look at her customers before indulging even in light pranks with them. If Bishop Proudie had visited Japan, I am certain that both he and Mrs. Proudie would have been greatly disturbed if a waitress in their hotel had began to show an inclination to light pranks at the dinner-table. Certainly, if in an access of high spirits, the waitress had pulled the Bishop's ears, Mrs. Proudie, if not the Bishop, would have risen indignantly from the table. It would be equally inept to take a tug at the whiskers of a Nonconformist minister. Similarly, a prosperous and pompous business-man has a dignity to preserve in public. Ear-pulling, no doubt, is well meant, but it is very confusing to a sober man in the full glare of a restaurant.

Heaven knows, the European is not a particularly sensitive man; but it is clear that his modesty would be greatly shocked if Japanese womanhood behaved to him as it is forbidden in the etiquette-book to behave. The prospective English visitor to Japan will learn with considerable relief that the women employed in hotels are now warned: "Don't go into the bathroom when foreigners are bathing to ask whether the temperature of the water is right or to help them wash themselves." This rule is a proof of the immense thoughtfulness of the Japanese, who realise that, if an Englishman's home is his castle, his bathroom is the most inviolable stronghold in his castle. It has long been a rule of English life that the Englishman in his bathroom should be heard and not seen. Being an individualist, a solitary creature, he is never so happy as when he has locked himself safely alone in his bathroom, where his joy can be measured by the intensity of his splashing and of his song. To break in on his solitude at such a moment in order to enquire about the temperature of the bath water would be to rouse in him the fury of the outraged lion. I have never heard an Englishman give vent to such a strangled yell of horror mixed with rage as when he had forgotten to lock the bathroom door and a housemaid burst in on him unawares.

Now that Japan has gone out of its way to make things pleasant for foreigners, it is to be hoped that England will

follow suit. For the sake of foreigners, if not of themselves, Englishmen should at least aim at establishing all over the country hotels fit for a foreigner to stay at, with good food and no extortion in the wine-list. They might even keep at least some of the public-houses open all day and so encourage the spirit of international amity. A nation is largely judged by its attitude to foreigners, and England should not lag behind in the great cause of appealing at once to the heart and to the pocket of the tripper from abroad. Y. Y.

UEBERMENSCH

[The Nazi Ministry of Enlightenment, etc., announces that the early Saxons were not savages.

To-day a new faith is awakening, the Muthos of Blood . . . Nordic Blood represents the Mystery which has replaced and overcome the old Sacraments.—ALFRED ROSENBERG.]

The Saxons in their native state,
As chased around by Charles the Great
Were not, as chroniclers relate,
Mere hordes unruly.
Those denizens of bog and fen
Though ill-appreciated then
Were arch-Teutonic supermen
Now valued truly.

The Saxon, elemental child
Of Nordic culture undefiled,
Enjoyed between his combats wild
Delirium tremens;
On sacred and bespattered sites
He offered with congenial rites
Blood-cocktails to the appetites
Of gods and demons.

Now reared on Nordic culture's peak
The Saga breed of mould antique,
New-garnished with a yellow streak
Totalitarian
Hails in the mystic bond of blood
The head of wood, the mind of mud,
Prize product of the Nazi stud,
The new barbarian.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE AND THE LABOUR PARTY

SIR,—The sanctions debate at Brighton marked the end of yet another epoch in Labour Party history. The latest attempt by a group of intellectuals to deflect Labour from its reformist path has failed, and this failure again raises the fundamental question—what part the Socialist intellectual can ever play in Labour politics.

To answer this question, it is necessary to distinguish the policy from the tactics of the Socialist League. Did the League fail because the brand of Socialism which it pushed was unpalatable to the Trade Unions, or because it employed the wrong tactics for pushing it? The answer is simple. Both the policy and the tactics of the League showed a total disregard for the nature of English democracy, and the working of the party machine. About its policy not much need be said. It was the product of the hysteria produced by the collapse of 1931. That collapse seemed to prove the impossibility of gradualism, the ineptitude of the reformists, and the fatality of minority government. The Party was without a policy or leader. Why should not a group of resolute men impose a revolutionary policy upon it while its mind was still open to new ideas? Why should not that policy be the quick constitutional revolution, the seizure of power by men who would hold what they had once gained?

In 1935 it is difficult to conceive how anyone in 1932 could have considered such a plan to be practical, and have hit on the Labour Party as a fit instrument for achieving it. For between 1932 and 1935 lies the Nazi Revolution, and it was the Nazi revolution which gave the *coup de grâce* to "constitutional revolution" in England. In 1933 Hitler showed that it could be done in Germany, that dictatorship could be achieved by semi-constitutional methods, that a sluggish parliament could be destroyed by parliamentary procedure, and democracy undone by democratic means. But only on *certain conditions*, and it was the perception of just what those conditions were, which turned the Labour Party back to the ways of strict democracy just as the 30th of June turned the Conservative Party away from Fascism. Moreover the policy itself was Utopian. Hitler could achieve his purpose because he was backed by Big Business. The Socialist League intended to attack both Big Business and the Union Leaders. Had it gained 100,000 supporters instead of a paltry 2,000 it could have achieved nothing against the vested interests on both sides. The Labour Party depends upon the Unions: an attempt to range the Divisional Labour Parties against the Block vote is therefore bound to fail. It is this fact which makes English democracy so extraordinarily stable. We may dislike this stability, but the Socialist League refused even to recognise its existence.

Thus the Brighton Conference was an epilogue to the real tragedy. A revolutionary class-conscious foreign policy could hardly be acceptable to a party which had reverted to gradualism in home affairs. If the Labour Party refused to act on the assumption that the National Government was a capitalist concern for robbing the poor, it was not likely to accept the view that the League of Nations was a "burglars Union." The fact that, after 1933, the League Intellectuals continued to preach crude Marxianism to a Party which had suddenly seen that its existence (like that of the Trade Unions) was entirely dependent on the constitutionalism of the ruling classes, showed how little those intellectuals understood the political situation. There are truths too deep to be uttered. . . . But the Socialist League radiated Marxian candour, failing altogether to differentiate between a political programme and an academic diagnosis. The diagnosis was correct, as far as it went, but only because it omitted all the imponderabilia which the practical politician must manipulate. The Party, knowing by experience the significance of those imponderabilia, dismissed the diagnosis as bosh. As a result neither side learnt anything from the other, and the effect of the Socialist League as an educative force has been exactly nil. It has confirmed the opportunist and the reformist in his none-too-evil ways.

If our account of the matter is correct, the failure of the Socialist League is the failure of a crude and abstract policy framed with a total disregard of the political situation. The intellectual failed because he let his heart run away with his head, and allowed his policy to be a rationalisation of the post 1931 hysteria. But what of the tactics and the methods employed by the League? They may be summed up in three principles (1) Disregard the political leaders and the Union bosses: concentrate propaganda on the middle-classes and the rank and file. (2) Remain at all costs within the Party but formulate a comprehensive policy blatantly at variance with that of the Executive. (3) Constitute yourself the permanent opposition to the Executive, round which all minorities can rally.

The Socialist League succeeded at least in carrying its third principle into practice. At Southport it took the stage as *the* opposition. The result was that no intelligent criticism of the official policy was possible, for the Executive was delighted to spend five days in knocking out one self-appointed opponent, instead of facing the criticism it had expected. In fact, by acting upon these three principles the Socialist League succeeded in stifling all intelligent criticism of the official policy. The advantages accruing from its martyrdom all went to the powers that be, who could now sit back and say "well: we gave the intellectuals a chance, and we beat them in sheer argument. What is wrong with us now?"

The same thing happened at Brighton. The Executive got through ten hours of discussion without any serious criticism being levelled at its foreign policy. Instead of being forced to discuss the exact conditions on which it would support the Government, and the exact meaning of its reference to equal distribution of raw materials, it was allowed to spar with a shadow opponent. A great debate was staged, but the Socialist League by concentrating the attack upon itself, prevented any effective clarification of the official policy. No wonder Mr. Morrison took good care not to knock out so convenient an opponent.

The Socialist League refused to accept the *fact* of the Labour Party, its organisation, its tradition, and its ethos. It regarded such things as "mere superstructure," unworthy of the attention of the revolutionary who is to appeal to the masses. It forgot

that the masses have the same ethos, the same traditions as their bosses. We can indeed formulate three principles for the Labour Party intellectual slightly different from those of the Socialist League. (1) Never attempt to transfer the allegiance of the rank and file from their trusted leaders to the middle-class critic. If you are a critic you do not want allegiance from the masses, but a hearing from the leaders. (2) Never put forward a comprehensive policy, far less a philosophy: make your criticism *ad hoc*. Do not concentrate it on burning issues where the leaders feel strongly, but take up problems they will have to face in a few years time, and get them used to your way of looking at these problems. (3) At all costs avoid the appearance of organising an opposition within the Party.

The job of the intellectual is criticism, not leadership (as Marx and Engels realised). Criticism to be effective must be unambitious. The Socialist League was not. Enjoying the publicity so easily accorded it, it opposed instead of criticising. Suspicions arose that it was interested not in influencing the Party policy but in substituting a new leadership for the existing one, and at once its educative influence was destroyed, and it was treated as a disruptive force within the Party.

If we look at the matter dispassionately, we must admit that the Brighton Conference has achieved one useful thing. It has cleared away an unreal opposition, and it has left the ground free for intellectuals who wish not merely to share the limelight but to accept the Party as it is and to improve its policy. This *acceptance* is difficult both for the academic and for the religious convert to socialism. The latter finds the Party worldly, the former finds it illogical and untidy. Both wish to *change* it. But a political party cannot be changed from the outside. At best its policy can be slightly modified, its direction deflected. The Socialist League wanted great results and quick results, and neglected the primary fact that great democratic parties can never be instruments of revolution, and that the intellectual if he wishes to criticise can never lead. For these reasons it was bound to fail.

Oxford. R. H. S. CROSSMAN

THE WAR MOOD IN ITALY

SIR,—Your correspondent of September 21st on the "War Mood in Italy," should have made it clearer that it was not all Italy which he saw. Here in central Italy the great mobilisation demonstration of the day before yesterday left us cold. We are quite in the country and refractory to newspaper propaganda, as peasants don't read the papers.

It was about half-past three in the afternoon, and I was watching the old man harness my grey for my daily drive to fetch the post, when the bells of the village on the hill (our nearest village, but not so near) came faintly on the breeze in a melancholy, tentative way, two or three strokes and then a stop—then beginning again. We listened, considering, but it was no saint's day.

"Curse them," said the old man, fumbling angrily with a buckle. I agreed to this sentiment. We knew what they were up to. "We are all sheep," he added bitterly. "Ah! if all were like me!" But he belongs to another generation.

It didn't seem as if it would be much use going to fetch the post, but nevertheless I went, not being quite sure that it really was the much-advertised demonstration.

Presently bicycles began to be seen with peasants in their Sunday clothes. The peasant, besides his oxen-cart and his legs, has two faster means of locomotion—his mare to drive and his bicycle. The mare is for when they go in a party to the fair—but the bicycle was good enough for this occasion with one representative of the family. We met one of our own peasants and stopped him. "Are you going to cry *Viva la guerra?*" I asked my companion. "No," he answered, reddening, as if half offended, "nobody wants the war." "Then why are you going?" "They say there is a fine if one doesn't go, and why spend for such a little thing? All are going." According to him this outward conformity meant nothing and had no consequence, and that is the mistake.

Our post-town is afflicted with ribbon development, and as we proceeded the mean houses along the road blossomed out into shabby flags, many of paper, placed on balconies before closed shutters. The inhabitants were at the doors, alarmed and silent, but curious, all in their work-a-day clothes. One old woman in a doorway was wringing her hands all by herself, with a look of utter despair. She must have had a son with the African expedition. Then, as we approached the schools, the children began to flock into the road, all dressed, boys and girls, in the Fascist uniform. It was like a children's fancy-dress party, something puerile about it all—only the children were not particularly gleeful, merely a little excited, as children always are on a dressing-up occasion. There were many men about in the main street, all in their Sunday best, as prescribed by the order they had each individually received to attend, many with black shirts under their coats, but few women. It was a rainy day and chilly, one of the very few wet days of this unusually dry summer. We were struck by the absence of the cheerful chatter characteristic of a crowd enjoying itself. Not even the rumour that went round among the people that the crowds would be fired upon if they did not applaud, made them feel equal to "Evvivas." "Stay until midnight? Not we," they had said, and about seven in the evening a heavy shower gave them an excuse to go home. As a local paper put it, there was no "Totalitarian exaggeration."

The main street being full of people and flags, we slipped down a side-street not to increase the crowd, which is immoral because it presupposes approval; and there we met a friend. "The devils are at it," she said, "you will find the post shut." "No newspapers even at the station?" we asked. "None—nothing," she assured us, and "I wish they were all dead!" "They" being of course the Party, as Fascism is called here.

So we turned back, with the defeated feeling we are all used to by now, and which makes a popular rising so difficult, although it is so near the surface. In a side street we saw the Avantguardisti (bigger boys) all in uniform, with tassels and cords and harlequin kerchiefs, forming up to march through the town in procession. The grey gave a bound forward—the poor dear feels my dislike of blackshirts in the reins—and in a moment the Avantguardisti were out of sight. Two elderly ladies at a balcony were tying a big flag to the railing with mournful care, as if for a funeral. No, I didn't see a war mood anywhere. "Enthusiasm?" said my companion, "it is a Siberian chill."

In the evening there was the Duce's speech on the public radio that you can hear in the Piazza. It was listened to in silence and without much comprehension, as the thundery weather made queer noises in it. (Some one who managed to take it down from a private radio said it was considerably different from the speech published in the papers next day.) "Twenty millions" was the phrase that chiefly struck the hearers. "Did he say twenty millions ready to march?" I was asked next day—"is that possible?" It wasn't, he was only boasting. "He must have friends he keeps dark," some said, "to be so sure of himself—or else mad." "Mad," said I. There is a great story going about of how Marconi has invented a ray for him, and, as an experiment, killed a flock of sheep at twelve kilometres distance. But then what would be the use of an army at all?

Well, now the die is cast. This morning I heard from a peasant, who had gone early to market, that our aeroplanes had flown over Abyssinian towns, "killing so many innocent souls." She said it with deep compassion. "What will come of it?" those who heard the news asked uneasily,and some said that they didn't mind if we ended under a foreign Power, anything that would let us work and not drag us into war.

We are unsophisticated country folk, and perhaps the Milan of your correspondent may be different, but I do think he exaggerates the acquiescence to the regime; the taxes are so crippling, and the interference and fines so galling, in the towns as in the country. AN ITALIAN WOMAN

SANCTIONS

SIR,—Reference was made in your correspondence columns last week to those pacifists who are supporting the Collective System of the League of Nations in its entirety. We were asked whether we thought our previous attitude in 1916 was wrong, and it was implied that we should no longer refuse military service or resist conscription.

This of course is not the case, and since a great deal of controversy about pacifism is going on, perhaps you will permit me to state our views in the shortest possible form—especially as illustrated by the Italo-Abyssinian dispute?

(1) Nations assert that they must have their own colonial territories for the sake of their surplus population and in order to have access to raw materials for their industries. We pacifists reply that evidence proves that these territories are not needed for any such reasons. The real justification for having Dependencies is that armed nations fear they may be cut off from supplies in time of war in an armed world.

(2) To remove this fear, and for other reasons, we pacifists are in favour of the complete abolition of armaments, and if this is not attainable by international agreement, we are prepared for our own country to disarm unilaterally. This step we believe would

involve Britain in no dangers, and would lead to an immediate reconsideration by the world of every international problem, and bring economic nationalism to an end.

(3) Since therefore we believe in unilateral disarmament, we are not prepared to take part in military service, either under the anarchic conditions of 1914 or as part of the League system to-day. The cardinal reason which leads us to make this decision is the fact that armed force under either set of circumstances involves the killing at random of multitudes of innocent people. This is not the case under our domestic police system when, if on rare occasions death should occur, the personal responsibility of the criminal can be identified.

(4) These being our views, we are then faced by what we should do in a world which has rejected our solution and still retains the use of armed force.

(5) We see at once that an immense stride forward towards the organisation of peace has been taken since 1914. Indeed, the position is fundamentally different from anything we then experienced. Over sixty nations have renounced war as an instrument of national policy, and though they still retain armed force, the vast majority have solemnly pledged themselves that this should in future be placed behind law and not be used by the self-judged right of each country, but only as a result of third-party judgment. They have also signed a Covenant enabling the law to be changed by peaceful means and opening up the road to the organisation of social justice.

(6) Under these circumstances, whilst continuing to be loyal to our own faith, we believe we should do a great wrong to the cause of peace, if we did nothing to strengthen the determination of our own and other nations to honour the new system they have accepted. That system may prove to be one of the most notable advances towards peace that the world has yet seen, especially if the League Covenant is used before a crisis has arisen, and not at the last minute, as in the present dispute. If this new peace system were to be dishonoured by those who still feel it necessary to retain armed force, it is quite likely that civilisation may be overwhelmed. But if, on the other hand, it is loyally upheld, the world will be drawn rapidly to our point of view and the foundations of peace be laid.

(7) I believe this to be the most honest way of being faithful to one's own personal beliefs and at the same time rendering some service in a world which has not yet accepted those beliefs.

Hurtwood House, ALLEN OF HURTWOOD
Albury, Guildford.

SIR,—It is indeed a pleasure to read a letter of Mr. Strachey's with almost every paragraph of which one is in agreement. Of course, he is right against the mob of pacifists, political lunatics who won't keep quiet, and sentimentalists with an I.L.P. mentality and no political judgment, who have all been so vocal about Europe. But he might have gone farther: what is the pure pacifist doing besmirching himself in the field of politics at all? Politics is concerned with power and its conflicts: that is the nature of it: you cannot avoid it. Logically, the pure pacifist ought to have no part in it; he ought to get out of politics; prayer is his proper *milieu*.

But there is one sentence of Mr. Strachey's which should give us all food for thought. He tells us that "Communists do not slacken their efforts . . . to replace these Governments (i.e., the present British and French Governments) with Governments which are at any rate less sympathetic with Fascism." Very good; I quite agree. But what a condemnation of the whole course of Communist policy towards social democracy in Europe in the last ten years! What a tragedy it is that these people should have gone on attacking and weakening, sapping and undermining social democracy ("social Fascism" and the rest of the jargon!) until, when at last they see the consequences in the utter defeat of the working classes in Europe, one-half the continent under Fascist control, a European conflagration threatened, and, worst of all, their own Soviet Russia seriously exposed to attack from a Nazi Germany—then they turn round and tell us that a Liberal, or a Lib-Lab, or even a Labour Government would be better than the existing reactionary and Fascist ones! Exactly; but we could have told them that long ago. Why did they have to wait until the Nazis were entrenched in power, and the working classes in Central Europe completely defeated and almost out of action, before they could see the consequences of these years of attack upon what is, after all, the main political movement of the working classes in Western Europe?

Of course, I welcome these belated signs of a complete reversal of Communist policy in this respect; better late than never—one hopes it is not too late. Nor do I write in any desire merely "to score off the Communists," as Mr. Strachey fears. I mind being scored off myself far too little to care about scoring off other people; it is such an easy game, scoring and being scored off! It only appears to me important to drive home the lesson that the political judgment of these people which was so criminally at fault in these past crucial years is hardly likely to be a trustworthy guide in the difficult and critical issues that are before us now. Only one Communist voice that I can remember kept up the plea in those years before Hitler came into power for a union between the forces of social democracy and Communism; and that was Trotsky's. For myself, I kept up the same plea in season and out of season, in the last brief period of the *New Clarion*, before it was extinguished by Odhams.

I am not one of your readers who "find the policy of the Communist Party" at all "confusing"; it has merely been disastrous. Fortunately, it does not now matter what line the Communists in this country take; it is not a matter of any political importance.

Oxford. A. L. ROWSE

THE VALUE OF COLONIES

SIR,—In the editorial footnote to Sir Leo Chiozza Money's letter you inquire: "Is any British Colony as economically valuable to this country as the Argentine, which we do not own?"

Presumably you expect a negative answer. You certainly will not get it from English agriculturists, who consider that but for agreements with the Argentine not only would their own prosperity be materially increased, but Britain would also be able to assist their fellow agriculturists in the Dominions and Colonies.

No doubt, however, you would receive enthusiastic approval from the large number of *rentiers* who know nothing of, and care less for, British agriculture! JOHN STEVENSON,

The Incorporated Society of Auctioneers. General Secretary
34 Queen's Gate, London, S.W.7.

[Our correspondent is entitled to make his point, but it has nothing to do with ours, which was that ownership of a territory is not a necessary condition for making a profit out of it.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

AN ARMAMENT LOAN

SIR,—For "Toreador's" financial acumen I have a great respect, but I wish to protest emphatically against his suggestion contained in your last issue that armament expenditure may properly be met by a loan, provided that the loan is a short-term one with a heavy sinking fund.

This question of a Defence Loan is one of the highest importance for the Labour Party. One of the first consequences of the Brighton decision will be that the Labour leaders will be asked to support the Government in increased expenditure on the Navy, the Air Force and probably the Army as well. The City talks freely of £250 million. How is the money to be raised? By cutting down expenditure? As the City says: "The social services are bound to suffer," even if our towns are still placarded with posters announcing the reign of prosperity brought about by the National Government. Or will all this money be raised by fresh taxation? As the *Times* says:

> Though the financing of defence has become necessary, the new obligation should be discharged with the least possible interference, with the idea of gradually reducing the burdens of taxation. This consideration suggests that the cost should be met by loan.

It all sounds so reasonable. There need be no cuts, nor, on the other hand, any increase in the income tax. And to please the only people who might complain, the great financial institutions, already choked with Government securities, "Toreador" has suggested the ideal form of loan. Nobody will really suffer. The burden will be disguised and postponed. There will be the least possible interference.

I beg the Labour leaders not to be misled but to insist by every means in their power that all expenditure on armaments shall be met by taxation. There is no other way of ensuring that any increase will be kept within bounds. There is no other way of curbing our Churchills and Lloyds and the rest of the big navy and big army enthusiasts. There is no other way of ensuring that the people of this country realise what is happening, and it is essential that they do realise it. Do not forget also that a Defence Loan may not be called a Defence Loan. It may take the form of a steady increase of the Treasury Bill issue, which may be transformed, at a convenient moment, into a perfectly respectable "Funding" or "Conversion" Loan. There is no justification

whatever for borrowing to pay for ships and guns and aeroplanes which may be out of date in ten years' time or less. There is no precedent in British finance for such a course. If the National Government choose to regard armaments as a capital investment, let them find the money by a capital levy or by drastic increase in the death duties. By foreign countries either a Loan or a Capital Levy will, of course, be regarded, as was the German Defence Levy of 1913, as a direct preparation for war.

Whether or not the huge increases proposed are necessary or politic is another question. The Labour Party may be powerless to prevent them, but it may not, in the end, find itself powerless if it stands out for the only honest and sound way of meeting the armaments bill.

A BANKER

SEX AND AESTHETICS

SIR,—Dr. Harry Roberts's brilliant article will, I hope, provoke further discussion—and a reply. Dr. Roberts states that "physiologically and hygienically considered, there is nothing about copulation that essentially distinguishes it from the satisfaction of any other appetite." Agreed—but only assuming 100 per cent. safe contraceptive practice. He accepts as "all to the good" the fact that "extra-marital coition is, in cultivated circles, no longer looked upon as a sin, or even as a *faux pas*." Certainly—and this is the direct result of the spread of birth-control. And yet further on he seems to argue that contraceptive practice is a bad thing: the "calculation, deliberation and mechanism" of the thing still seem to him "alien and even hostile accompaniments to this sacrament" (to which "it is love and spontaneity, not marriage and custom, that make the difference.") This seems to me extraordinarily confused: it is somewhat as if to say, "I get no aesthetic pleasure in the cinema—my mind dwells constantly upon the scientific precision of the mechanism behind it all." It is in fact *only with the acceptance of contraceptive practice* that the realm of necessity (the necessity to repress) ends and the realm of freedom begins—of *freedom to express one's love spontaneously*. It is the *sine qua non*.

As principles for the sex life of young people, how far would Dr. Roberts agree with the following as a nucleus?

(1) *Discrimination*, which will remain the fundamental principle among self-respecting people in the future when contraceptive methods are 100 per cent. effective and when the conditions of sexual life are completely free.

(2) The abandonment of "all forms of petting" and "constant titillation" (the unaesthetic and even nauseating habits which your correspondent "Twenty-Three" finds among her acquaintances in Bromley) in favour of the real full-blooded thing.

(3) (Hence) the full acceptance of contraceptive practice.

(4) Awareness of the fact that available methods are at best only say 99 per cent. safe, and of the tremendous implications of this fact. Were there no deeper one, it would be a sufficient explanation of the widespread monogamy among conscientious men.

TWENTY-FOUR

Croydon, Surrey.

Miscellany

TWO POINTS OF VIEW

THE more intimate I become with Soviet Russians the more impossible it seems to make the Russians and the English understand each other. It had all seemed so simple at the beginning. One had only to bring the people of the two countries together and there would be understanding on both sides. Isn't that one of the main objects of the S.C.R. on whose Executive I have sat for a number of years? And I, with the other members, was convinced that the attainment of our object would become progressively easier. Instead, as the U.S.S.R. develops and grows it looks to me at least to become more difficult.

The other day I took three Soviet citizens, the Chairman of the Educational Workers' Union of schools from eight to eighteen years in the R.S.F.S.R. with a membership of nearly 800,000; the director, a woman, of a well-known school in Leningrad with 1,300 pupils; and the director of a model rural school famous over the whole Union, to visit the Nansen Pioneer camp of the L.N.U. at Godshill, Hampshire. My three companions were responsible, experienced adults, not callow over-enthusiastic youths.

The camp is very beautifully situated, and extremely well run, with a very attractive programme including play and international study. The visitors were very interested, and appreciative of our hosts' hospitality and friendliness. The "Chairman" a gifted amateur musician not only sang Russian songs to the assembled campers but taught them some.

Almost as soon as we settled in the car to drive home the discussion began, and it lasted most of the journey. Out the questions tumbled. "Why do you have camps with unhygienic sanitation? Why do the children do the cooking? Why do they live in such discomfort? Why are conditions so primitive?" To which I replied that the girls and boys in this and other camps come from cities, where life is over civilised; that they gain much from such activities as trekking, building fires, cooking, and all the other camp business; that they gain much from living for a short time a very simplified existence close to nature. We in England, I told them, are overburdened with civilisation's aids to living so that our city children are in danger of losing initiative, of losing the ability to cope with unexpected situations.

Quite bluntly the "Chairman" told me that my theories were all wrong. The real reason for our primitive camps he insisted was poverty. It was one thing for the rich to amuse themselves with the simple life for a week or so, but quite another for the children of the workers or even professional people. To the three of them it was unthinkable that responsible people would voluntarily, and with enjoyment, gather numbers of children and live with them under conditions which were obviously unhygienic and not likely to make for health improvement. To them all this business of making twigs into dressers for cups, into racks for plates, etc., was futile and infantile play. It was just so much pretending at living. "Give the children tools, hammers, chisels, planes and saws; give them wood and metal; give them benches; and they would enjoy themselves infinitely more, they would have infinitely wider scope for exercising initiative, for training skill, for satisfying the urge to make something. It can all be done out of doors and your nature-study will become a reality." The Russians insisted that we were merely rationalising the unpleasant; pretending we freely chose this mode of holiday for our children when in reality we were compelled to it by poverty, poverty of those who organised these camps.

In the U.S.S.R. they organised camps for two or three thousand boys and girls. Sleeping under canvas was exceptional. The campers slept in comfortable beds. A sanatorium, either specially built or adapted from a private residence, supplied the accommodation. There were cooks and a well equipped kitchen, there was proper sanitation, and water laid on, in fact everything that makes for health. Instead of spending time gathering wood, and cooking and washing up, the Soviet children were free to dance, or paint, or play games, take nature walks and generally enjoy themselves. Given the choice the Russians were sure that English children would vote for the Soviet camp.

I began to wonder were they right? Then I remembered that my daughter of fourteen went hiking one day with her friend. They took with them not only raw food and tins for cooking, but water, to be entirely free. I shall long remember the contempt with which she received my suggestion that they might have a cooking stove. Now I pointed out to my friends that it was possible for the girls to obtain lunch at an inn, and they certainly could have taken sandwiches, and saved themselves the trouble involved in primitive cooking out of doors. That, they explained, was due to the ideas they had recently imbibed at camp. They could not believe that young people really enjoyed doing these things. They were frankly incredulous that people who were daily denied many of the amenities that should be every human being's right, enjoyed going off in an unorganised manner and living under conditions devoid of hygienic arrangements, devoid of all comforts.

They insisted that our whole idea of children's and youth camps was wrong. At Godshill they had innocently asked how much the children gained during their stay. They were astonished to learn that for normal children in camp we considered weighing unnecessary. To be strictly accurate we did not consider weighing at all. "But isn't the object of your camps the physical improvement of the children?" To which I replied, I hope correctly, that that was not our conscious object. The main object of the various organisations that arranged these camps was, as far as I could see, intensive propaganda, whether it was Boy Scouts, Woodcraft Folk, or Nansen Pioneers. To the Russians this seemed utterly wrong. There was only one reason for camps, they insisted, and that was the improvement of the children's health. To attain this object the Soviet authorities in their camps provided an extra nourishing diet (the amount would horrify an English dietician). They provided a doctor and one or more nurses for every camp. The children were weighed regularly and stayed from four to six weeks. The Russians could not understand that we only began to concern ourselves with the health of our children after the doctor certified them as below normal in some way. "But why?" they said in unison "it's so patently absurd."

We argued much about leisure, privacy and personal freedom. "Why," I asked "is it shocking to walk about the streets of Moscow in shorts. In London nobody bothers what people wear." "It is not a seemly dress for a city's streets," was the reply.

They insisted that our distaste for organised leisure was a result of our economic conditions, due to the over-organisation and inflexibility of our industrial system. Our love of privacy was apparently due to the fact that we were mostly forced to work at uncongenial tasks, in uncongenial surroundings with uncongenial people, who were rather our enemies than our friends. To them it was unbelievable that one really enjoyed a fortnight in the country alone.

I find that to English boys and girls the Soviet idea of a holiday camp is as incomprehensible as the English is to the Russian. "It isn't camp at all. You might just as well be in a boarding house or hotel, only worse with the fuss of being weighed. Potty I call it," was the general verdict.

I had also paid a visit with the Russians to the League of Nations Union. Here the possibility of forming an L.N.U. society in the U.S.S.R. was discussed. On this occasion it was the English who found understanding difficult. I doubt whether the Russians succeeded in their efforts to explain, even with my translation, that in the Soviet Union, there was no problem which any of its citizens might in any way consider could only be solved by war, that therefore there was no need for peace propaganda. "But," they were asked, "do all the people support the government in its League membership?" "The government *is* all the people" was the reply. "But surely you need a society to educate the people in the League and its work" persisted one of our hosts. "We no more require a society to teach about the League than we require a society to teach literature or mathematics. It is part of the education of our people, children and adults to be conversant with world affairs. When you had your 'Peace Ballot' we had daily articles on its progress and its meaning in our press. Our wireless talked about it to the agricultural worker in the remotest places. Our people, including our school children, were probably better informed about it than your people in England" was the reply. "Tell her," added the elderly academician, professor of botany, who accompanied us on this occasion, "that in the U.S.S.R. we have twenty-six million scholars between the ages of eight and eighteen and for every one of them internationalism is implicit in their education. Tell her that international education is part of the programme of every trade and professional union." It seemed very difficult for the English to believe that the government could represent the whole people even on such major issues as war and peace and the League of Nations, that internationalism was taught as a matter of course. It was as though they could hardly envisage a state of society where there was no need for the work of the L.N.U.

I have been uncomfortable ever since the departure of my Russian friends. Is there any truth in their persistent reiteration that our difference in taste is due almost solely to different economic systems? Would I under Communism cease to enjoy a lone holiday? Would my children under Communism cease to find pleasure in gathering firewood, making fires, etc.? Would I prefer a rest home, or a co-operative dacha (holiday settlement), or would they prefer a Soviet camp? Is it really because our lives are so disintegrated, so full of frustrations, that we return to Nature? Is the attitude to Nature indeed affected by the economic and political system? It is all very disturbing.

BEATRICE KING

CLOTHES AND POLITICS

THE great Fashion Houses always in some degree reflect political trends. This year the tendency of the new fashions is so obvious that even the least thoughtful woman will see the connection between the woman's page and the leader page in the daily newspaper. Indeed, next year's fashions do more than reflect a tendency: they mark a political allegiance. Which allegiances we can guess, since their models are designed for the beau monde and the wives of rich bankers. Only presently will cheap versions of these eighty-guinea models be put on the market wholesale for the typists and shop-girls. Then we shall see watered-down interpretations of the sentimental graces of Lanvin and the sardonic wit of Schiaparelli worn by all sorts of women who are against War and Fascism even if their clothes are propaganda for both.

You may sit at your ease in Schiaparelli's exquisite white salon in the company of harassed Buyers and very smart, very spoilt society ladies, and, as the stream-line mannequins glide before you in the ordained styles for this fateful Autumn, see thrones totter and fall, hear the war-drums beating, and smell the smell of gun-powder.

The themes are definite—Italy renaissant, Militarism triumphant and woman the distraction for tired warriors. No more neutrality. Gone are the beige days of sexual ennui. These new clothes are screaming scarlet, sonorous green, the flaming blue of an exploding shell, the strange yellow of poison gas.

You may recall how, in 1914, women's hats were quite *mad*. So they were just before the French revolution and so,

in an even more extreme form, they are to-day. Schiaparelli has borrowed Venetian hair-nets from the Italian Renaissance, for the new hats demand an absolutely smooth coiffure. They do more than provoke; they goad, they tower, leap, pounce. They flaunt great paradise plumes at you; they shake military

tassels at you; they twist themselves into peaked caps, kepis, helmets. There is even a de luxe edition of the revolutionary "bonnet rouge" which costs eight guineas and is made in blue velvet and luxurious fur. Curious that this same Phrygian cap was the badge of the People's Front in Paris this 14th July. There are hats in the Autumn collections exactly like those of Italian Sharp-shooters, hats such as Fascist commanders wear, Hussar's hats, frogged military great-coats, and wickedly luxurious furs. So pronounced is the military note in some of these day suits that only the addition of a rifle is needed to complete the illusion.

In the day-time then we are to be bravely military. And in the evening, according to the decrees of the Designers, we are to throw all discretion to the winds, and return to the extravagancies of the War years. *Chu Chin Chow*, for very good reasons, was the most popular play put on during the War. Again to-day, all the oriental seductions are to be introduced—the glamour of trailing silks, opulent brocades, meshes which reveal more than they conceal, clinging trousers and embroidered breast-plates.

But Schiaparelli is more than a famous designer. She is an acute observer and a caustic wit. She casually buttons her military coats with gilt coins, to salute the wavering gold standard. She designs a foulard in a pattern of tumbling coronets, big ones and little ones, and she winds up her unusual collection with nothing less than a lampoon of a fashionable

wedding. Tulle, yards of mauve brocade, orange blossom framing a waxen peroxide beauty straight out of Tussaud's, followed by a blank bridesmaid robed in three shades of crude pink, each more subtly vulgar than the other two. . . . Is Schiaparelli forecasting the advent of the new War Profiteer?

PEARL BINDER

THE SNAKE

J'y suivais un serpent qui venait de me mordre.—Paul Valéry.

In the water-meadows the young men walk,
Admire their women, stiff with sex they talk,

Self-consciousness upon their fallow faces
(Better to be private in these public places).

The young women to assert their innocence
And hide their native insignificance

Chatter like parokeets along the paths,
Whose plumes they borrow for their summer clothes.

The human scene outdoes the verdurous,
The borders lush, the birds lascivious.

The wise and hidden snake remains apart,
Unseen, unmoving, eating out his heart:

He is not deceived, but steadfast sees
With lidless and live eyes these fooleries,

Withdraws himself into a world remote,
With its own inner bitterness replete,

After long seasons' silence to reflect
On what is passing in the world, eject

Some suitable poison of the wounded brain
On all that's folly, human and inane.

O snake, be thou my friend, an enemy
No more, no more a living fear to me:

But let me feel amid this treachery
Thy fang, thy ringed and steeled fidelity.

A. L. ROWSE

PLAYS AND PICTURES

Ballet at Sadler's Wells

Ballet is now as popular at Sadler's Wells as Shakespeare at the Old Vic, and we are told in the programme that in future two nights a week will be devoted to these performances. The repertory will include *Les Rendezvous*, *Carnival*, *Sylphides*, *The Rake's Progress*, *Coppelia*, *Job*, *The Haunted Ballroom*, *Rio Grande*. The Vic-Wells Ballet, in fact, is developing more and more a character of its own, as well as a high degree of technical accomplishment. This was noticeable on Tuesday night in the performances of *The Haunted Ballroom*, *The Blue Bird*, and *Casse Noisette* (Act III). The orchestra, under Mr. Constant Lambert, played uniformly well—a good deal better, for example, than the orchestra during the recent Covent Garden season—and décor and choreography were for the most part satisfying. The effectiveness of *The Haunted Ballroom* is not perhaps of a very high order, but Mr. Geoffrey Toye's rather negative score was supported by some excellent dancing and miming on the part of Robert Helpmann, William Chappell and Margot Fonteyn. Miss Fonteyn, a sixteen-year-old dancer, who has been trained in the Vic-Wells corps de ballet, gave a spirited and graceful performance, which really deserved its enthusiastic reception from an audience that tended to applaud everything. She danced again in *Façade*—a delightful polka—and it was a pleasure to watch her movements. *Façade* is an admirable light ballet which suited the company exactly. The sequence of dances ranged from bucolic clowning to a more subtle parody of tango and the music-hall comedy pair, in which one enjoyed something of the originals as well as their burlesque. Frederick Ashton's choreography was as gaily delicious as Walton's music.

"Distinguished Gathering" at the Embassy Theatre.

This may be a distinguished gathering, but it is very near-beer. Granted that each of the persons present had a skeleton in his or her cupboard, it seems hardly likely that they would have gone to the length of murdering the author of the memoirs of which they stood so much in awe and none of them seemed to have taken into account the commonplace that even the most casual writer keeps a carbon copy of his typescript in a safe place. Even Mr. Montagu the publisher seemed unaware of this and in consequence his best reason for murdering the wretched author would have been to blackmail the victims of his pen, in order to save his firm from the inevitable bankruptcy, into which such haphazard methods would lead it. As entertainment the long drawn out explanatory first act masks the interest of the play, while the episodic treatment of the second leading up to the murder breaks up the continuity too much without giving the requisite compensation in the heightening of the tension.

Truth to tell the cast did not rise sufficiently to their opportunities, and a more sharply differentiated characterisation would have helped the illusion considerably. The fundamental idea of the plot is grossly improbable and to carry it off the acting demanded more than the Embassy company could give it. People are apt to forget that there are always two sides to a play, the cast and the audience, and in this case the audience did not seem to get its fair share of the enjoyment.

"The Informer" at the Plaza

John Ford, who directed this film, was responsible also for *A Passport to Fame*, about which we hazarded the opinion, last June, that probably no better American movie would be made this year. But *The Informer* is a better film, and this time we can make no mistake in tipping O'Flaherty's tragedy, along with Alexandrov's *Jazz Comedy*, as the best cinema we shall see in London in 1935. The Russian film has a strange brilliance: it is at once beautifully old-fashioned and original—like Europe itself. Nothing is more international than the cinema, yet in European films it is still Russian oddity or French grace that turns this Continent's *vieux jeux* into something quite new. American films have the pleasing glitter of a uniform freshness wrapped in cellophane. They satisfy of course—*Passport to Fame* more than most; but they are seldom surprising, even when, like Ford's new film, they happen to be first-rate. We knew already that Victor McLaglen was a good actor. . . . But as Gypo Nolan, the Irish rebel who betrays his best friend to the Black and Tans for £20, then drinks the blood-money or gives it away, and finally defends his worthless life with all the fuddled cunning and courage of an ape, he gives a magnificent performance—emphatic, subtle, humorous and tense. The direction, too, is almost faultless: perhaps the final close-up of the victim's mother is too simple, the choice of camera-position in the trial scene sometimes ineffective, the recurrence of the 'Wanted' poster haunting Nolan unimaginative—but atmospherically and as a whole the film is perfect. Music and silence are used superbly to dramatise the background of a misty Dublin sheltering stealth, fear, desperation, the threat of armed authority, the grim ecstasy of the rebel cause. . . . No one should miss this splendid film.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, October 11th—
Charles Marriott on "Truth and Accuracy," Central School of Arts and Crafts, Southampton Row, 7.30.
"The Black Eye," Shaftesbury Theatre.
"The Rumour," Tavistock Little Theatre, 36 Tavistock Place.

SATURDAY, October 12th—
Robert Mayer Concert for Children, Central Hall, Westminster, 11.
Pianoforte and Song Recital. Victoria and Albert Museum, 3.
Workers' Film and Photo League. Performance of films and lecture, 28 St. John Street, Theobald's Road, 8.

SUNDAY, October 13th—
S. K. Ratcliffe on "Fascist Italy—Ideal and Actual," Conway Hall, 11.
Vitya Vronsky, Victor Babin and Dorothea Helmrich, Working Men's College, Crowndale Road, 6.30.
G. C. H. Bing on "The British Constitution," Marx House, Clerkenwell Green, 7.30.

MONDAY, October 14th—
Courtauld-Sargent Concert, Queen's Hall, 8.15. And on Oct. 15th.

TUESDAY, October 15th—
S. K. Ratcliffe on "The Next Stage," Morley College, 8.
Major B. T. Reynolds on "Unemployment: the Challenge," 36 Tavistock Place, 8.
British Institute of Philosophical Studies. Sir Herbert Samuel on "New Science and Old Philosophy," University College, Gower Street, 8.15.
"Lady Patricia," Westminster Theatre.
"Espionage," Apollo Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, October 16th—
Frederick Whelen on "The European Situation To-day," 29 Gordon Square, 6.30.

THURSDAY, October 17th—
Motor Show. Olympia.
Royal Philharmonic Society conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Queen's Hall, 8.15.

FRIDAY, October 18th—
Dr. G. P. Gooch on "Teaching of Citizenship through History," Morley College, 5.30.

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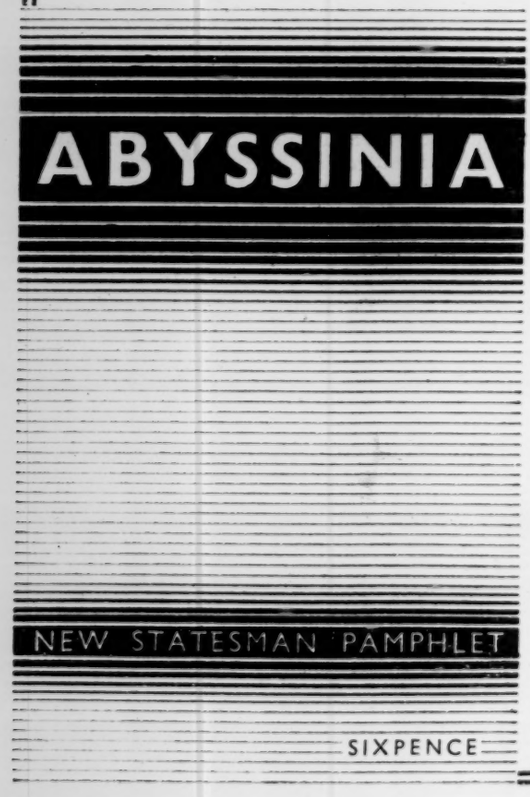

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SIR NORMAN ANGELL describes this new pamphlet by "Vigilantes" (authors of "The Dying Peace")—as "a really valuable document at this stage of the crisis."

The MANCHESTER GUARDIAN, in a long notice, says: "The first part gives the background of the dispute . . . an extraordinarily strong case against the inaction of the British Government in the first seven months of the year ● Far more important is the second part, which attempts to give a reasoned policy for the Labour party in the present crisis and also 'after the war' ● The Pamphlet is best of all on a possible future policy. . . . It would be wrong to pretend that it solves or even discusses all the problems that spring up from the fertile ground of the present situation, but it is at least an intelligent answer to the question put on the title-page."*

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

IN a learned but, since the subject forbids it, not exhaustive treatise entitled *The Fool* (Faber, 21s.), Miss Enid Welsford raises such fascinating questions as: Who and what is the Fool, where does he spring from, and why has he always delighted humanity? The genealogy of the Fool seems to be as long as that of mankind itself; the Pharaohs had fools (pigmies from Central Africa), there were also indigenous fools in Greece—and these early examples have left a multitudinous progeny. One of the virtues of Folly is that, as Erasmus pointed out, it leads to the propagation of the human species and thus keeps up a plentiful supply of Fools of all shapes and sizes, with every sort of wit, or witlessness, more than sufficient to satisfy all tastes. Miss Welsford's study is in many ways admirable, and all Fools and lovers of Fools owe her a debt of gratitude, yet it is difficult not to carp at her, for, lacking gusto, she does not love us, or them. In spite of all her erudition, she is puzzled to find an explanation of the love of Folly and has little appreciation of its simpler forms. The cruel, callous joke never amuses her unless she is assured of its unreality:

> Shakespeare understood very well that it is only in the moonlit glades of fairyland that Puck can mock and mislead without offence and mortal strife seem but a comedy of errors.

Yet in real life Shakespeare may quite likely have been a heartless practical joker of the type who enlivens a party by handing round chocolate creams filled with soap, and puts lumps of sugar in the coffee which release rubber fish when they dissolve. Yet if Shakespeare, or any other distinguished poet, were to make such efforts to be amusing while taking tea with the dons at Newnham, Miss Welsford would not smile when she saw her colleagues frothing at the mouth.

> Identification with Eulenspiegel does, for the time being, delude one into the intoxicating fancy that other men *are* made of sawdust, that sensation is not real, that fact is not inexorable, and that pain itself is comic. This momentary relief from the pressure of sympathy and fear is surely one of the secrets of comedy.

Yet the chocolates would not be funny if one had never tasted soap, nor the misfortunes of a sawdust doll so laughable as the inappropriate sufferings of a fellow creature. But, fortunately, a change has come about and civilised men can usually only enjoy cruel jokes at the expense of their equals or superiors and not at that of creatures in their power. Miss Welsford has equally little appreciation of the purely gross:

> The normal physical functions of the body have always provided the human race with an inexhaustible source of merriment. This is surely a very odd business. To hear men snigger and guffaw, you would suppose they came from a country where the flesh was unknown and had been seized with uncontrollable mirth at finding themselves so unexpectedly and so quaintly dressed.

Miss Welsford's sympathies are limited in other directions. Thus she remarks that Isabella D'Este's fool Matello "seems oddly enough to have been particularly welcome in the sick-room." Oddly enough we pick up *Punch* in the dentist's waiting room and ask our most amusing friends to visit us in the nursing home. Indeed, so many things about Fools seem odd to Miss Welsford which seem natural to me, that I believe that she must have abnormally little of the Fool in her make-up.

> Why keep a special officer to sneer at your guests? It seems an odd method of entertainment.

It is equally odd, I suppose, that a successful after-dinner speaker always tries to crack a series of jokes at the expense of all the distinguished guests who are present.

> It is also rather odd that the royal hero of Indian plays should be given an absurd and abusive dwarf for his confidential friend, and the required explanation has been found in religious ritual.

Oddly enough, as she relates later, real kings had real dwarfs as their jesters—so it might be realism instead of ritual—and the mystery deepens when we remember all the heroes with their comic but faithful retainers in the literature of the world. But her habit of thinking it very odd that anyone can abide a Fool is Miss Welsford's great merit, since it has led her to collect every possible example of this eccentricity. Her book is therefore like an herbarium in which specimens of almost every recorded kind of Fool have been pressed and dried and labelled, and since the work has been done systematically and intelligently, the collection has considerable scientific value. She has fascinating things to say about the Fool as Mascot and Scapegoat—The Tibetan King of the Years is a wonderful example. If she had ransacked the writings of modern anthropologists she would have found figures homologous with the Fool who appears with the mummers in our own folk play, and she might have explored this side of her subject more fully.

* * *

There is a most interesting chapter on the "Fool as Poet and Clairvoyant," with examples from Celtic sources, including Merlin, which she contrasts with the Mohammedan attitude to lunatics, and suggests that such saintly simpletons as Princess Marya's "God's Folk" in *War and Peace* might have been transformed into Household Fools. Perhaps the best instance of the Poet-seer turning into the Household Fool which she might have found is the Perpetual Student, Trofimov, in *The Cherry Orchard*, who voices the magnificent idealism which expressed itself in the Russian Revolution:

> We must first expiate our past, we must break with it; and we can expiate it only by suffering, by extraordinary labour.

Yet Trofimov is at the same time a hanger-on of the household and a queer fellow, to whom Lyubov Andreevna truthfully says: "You're simply a prude, a comic fool, a freak." Trofimov illustrates one reason, which Miss Welsford does not touch on, for the presence of the Household Fool which is the purely economic one. The poor relation, such as Shabelsky in *Ivanov*, had to be housed and clothed and fed, and so such parasites had to pay their way by providing entertainment, either by their wit or by their want of it. Even kind-hearted, charitable persons are occasionally seized with the desire for getting their money's-worth, and the only way of obtaining it from the helpless and the imbecile is by cruelty and by mockery. The Household Fool may have originated as a ritual scapegoat for the tribe or for the King, but he has been perpetuated as the Object of Charity and the Lady's Companion.

* * *

Miss Welsford tells us nothing about Spanish Court Fools, yet our whole conception of what it meant to be a Fool is derived from that terrific series of portraits by Velasquez. In spite of this omission, the chapters on the Court Fool are the most interesting and most informative in the book. The best joke she gives was made by l'Angely, the last Fool to a King of France, who went to visit an Archbishop when he was ill and noticed a pretty girl, dressed in green, coming out of the Prelate's bedchamber. When l'Angely was admitted, Monseigneur complained of having had three or four fainting fits during the night. "Ah, yes," said the Buffoon. "It must have been one of them that passed by me, dressed in green." But though l'Angely was the last "fou en titre d'office," he was not the last Court Fool in France. Miss Welsford quotes this moving account:

> Au château de Versailles vivait encore, il y a peu d'années, un vieillard en cheveux blancs, entouré de vieux meubles, de vieux tableaux, de vieilles friperies et d'une multitude de reliques des modes de Louis XVI, monument du rôle qu'il avait joué sous ce règne: c'était le bouffon de Marie-Antoinette. Il nous montrait en pleurant quelques grains de café qu'il avait reçus de cette malheureuse reine, à laquelle il dit alors: "Je regrette pour la première fois qu'une si grande reine ait la main si petite." Versailles vide de ses rois, avait conservé un fou de cour, comme une ruine vivante de l'ancienne monarchie."

After reading this, it is a consolation to reflect that the existing Emir of Katsina has a Court Fool called Tabanjama, whose star turn is a costume performance of Felix the Cat. Miss Welsford gives somewhat briefer accounts of the Clown, of Pierrot and of Harlequin, who is descended from the aerial rout of demons who figure in the Wild Hunt. The comic actor Sackville

seems to have been the first to wear long shoes, and is therefore the original begetter of Charlie Chaplin and of that exquisite artist, not mentioned here, the late Little Tich. Miss Welsford seems to think that the Fool's day is done and that there is no place for him "in a world increasingly dominated by the notions of the puritan, the scientist and the captain of industry." She might, however, have found parallels for the extremely interesting clubs of Fools, the "Sociétés Joyeuses" and "Enfants Sans Souci," in such institutions as the Shriners of America, who invade cities in fancy dress and hold carnival conventions. Moreover, when we remember stories of the late Will Rogers, disguised as a waiter, pouring soup over the most distinguished guests at an official banquet, and of the late Huey Long arraying himself in comic pyjamas in order to receive the official courtesy visit of the captain of a visiting German warship, it would appear that she is unduly pessimistic. Fools play their parts even in democracies, and outside them the angry scream of Punchinello and the thwack, thwack of his big stick are very audible just now. DAVID GARNETT

SHAKESPEAREAN DETECTION

What Happens in *Hamlet*. By J. DOVER WILSON. *Cambridge.* 12s. 6d.

Shakespeare's Imagery. By CAROLINE F. E. SPURGEON. *Cambridge.* 25s.

The new Professor of Literature and Rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh has done for the Prince of Denmark what his distinguished predecessor did for John Donne. But whereas Professor Grierson's famous edition inaugurated a study of the Metaphysical Poets which has had far-reaching and diverse results, we hope and believe that Professor Dover Wilson's trilogy, angelic in its patience and perception, will sing the Prince's perturbed spirit finally to rest. The two characters—the idealistic prince and the poetic realist—have much in common: John Donne might well have spoken so to Ophelia, Hamlet fingering the skulls suggests the author of *Death's Duell*. Both strike us as typical of the transition from Elizabethan romance and adventure on the high seas to Stuart money-grubbing and civil war. And which to-day presents the more baffling mystery, Shakespeare's Prince or God's Priest?

The volume before us is the third and most dramatic chapter of Professor Wilson's trilogy. The first was devoted to a textual investigation and exposition of the play in two volumes in the Shakespeare Problems series for which we are deeply indebted to Dr. A. W. Pollard and the Cambridge University Press. As a piece of detective work they are second only to the famous exposure of certain nineteenth-century forgeries by Mr. Carter and Mr. Pollard (not A. W.). The edition of *Hamlet* in The New Shakespeare appeared simultaneously and the editor outlined in the notes and the introduction the vital conclusions which are argued with such zest and dazzling fence in the trilogy's last act. Here Professor Dover Wilson appeals to the "generality" no less than to the "judicious." It is a book which with Bradley's *Shakespearean Tragedy*, whose disciple (thank God) he is, and A. J. Waldock's sadly neglected survey, gives the actor, the producer and the student all we know on earth and all we need to know.

The mustard seed whence sprang the mighty tree in whose spreading branches so many doubts and controversies have come home to roost, was sown in a railway carriage some seventeen years ago when an inspector of the Board of Education, engaged at the same time upon inspection for the Ministry of Munitions, perused with fascinated horror an article in the *Modern Language Review*, by Dr. W. W. Greg. The inspector wiped from his memory all trivial fond records and took out his tablets:

O cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set him right.

Thus after some delay and much thinking too precisely upon the event Dr. Greg's "Remember me"—was he Ghost or Devil?—has been fulfilled. Dr. Greg's argument was briefly this. Claudius does not blench at the Dumb Show. Therefore the Ghost is a liar and Hamlet suffers from hallucinations. Professor Dover Wilson suggests that an impatient reader should turn at once to Chapter V of *What Happens in Hamlet*, in which he asks eleven questions about the Mouse-trap scene which cannot in his opinion be answered on the accepted reading of the play. In this chapter he gives a new interpretation of the relations between the first player and the Prince, justifies the dumb show as a piece of theatre, and bids us ponder the words "one Lucianus, *nephew* to the King." The play within the play has a double purpose. It makes mad the guilty Claudius and appals the free court, because the latter interpret it as a treasonable design by the dispossessed and ambitious heir to the throne.

Fascinating though this chapter is, we do not share the author's special fondness for it. Let it be read in its place. It follows conclusively upon the preparatory discussions of Gertrude's guilt, the Prince's thwarted ambition and his treatment of Ophelia. Elucidation of this last, which hinges upon a misplaced entry in II.2, flashed immediate conviction in the introduction to the New Cambridge edition. Other fundamental problems are thrashed out in the first half of the book; in especial the "honesty" of the Ghost and the sincerity of Hamlet's "antic disposition." The Professor found a clue to the latter in some lines from *The Testament of Beauty*:

the artful balance whereby
Shakespeare so gingerly puts his sanity in doubt
Without the while confounding his Reason,

which Bridges elaborated in an essay on *The Influence of the Audience*, where he asks: "Why has there been such question whether Hamlet was mad or only feigning, unless it was Shakespeare's design to make and leave it doubtful? and does not the hypothesis of such a design reconcile all?" Reference to Timothy Bright's *Treatise of Melancholie* (1586) throws some light on Shakespeare's conception of the Prince, just as Lavater and Scot must be considered if we are rightly to understand and estimate the Ghost.

The latter half of this invaluable book pursues the dramatic sequence after the turning point of the play scene and concludes with an inspired reconstruction of the duel which no future producer can afford to neglect. Finally let it be said that Professor Dover Wilson writes with the gusto of Hazlitt and the minute attention to detail of A. C. Bradley. But he does not fall into Bradley's primary error of confusing dramatic personality with the characterisation of the novelist. Above all, he has not stopped his ears to Horatio's still small voice of reason: "It were to consider too curiously to consider so."

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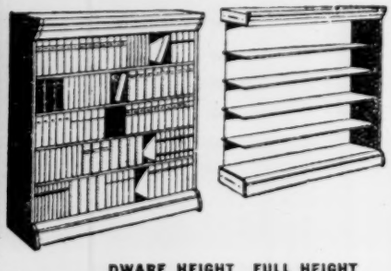

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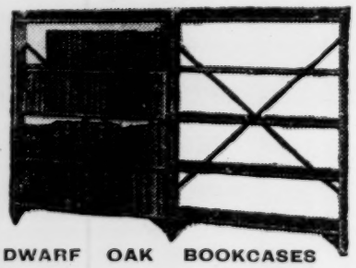

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THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

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WINIFRED HOLTBY in TIME AND TIDE

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THE MORNING POST

A few extracts from the reviews of 'Seven Pillars of Wisdom' by T. E. Lawrence
4th printing. 48 *illustrations.* 30*s. net*

JONATHAN CAPE THIRTY BEDFORD SQUARE LONDON

Miss Spurgeon, some readers will complain, is deaf to Horatio's warning. Her book costs twice as much as Professor Wilson's and will not, I fear, find half as many devotees. Yet it is no less fascinating in its way. It is the first fruit of her years of patient card-indexing of all the images in Shakespeare from *Henry VI* to *Henry VIII*, and it has been eagerly awaited by all those who know her pamphlets on *Shakespeare's Iterative Imagery* and *Leading Imagery in the Tragedies*. (How much of the best of Shakespearean criticism is to be found in pamphlets, lectures, notes, prefaces, marginalia and table-talk!) These two pamphlets, expanded and enriched, form the substance of the second part of the book. Of the first part a busy mocker might say that it recalls the naive detective methods of the wizard of Baker Street. "You will not have failed to observe, my dear Watson, that the dramatic poet whose identity has been called in question, preferred bowls to football and was an ornithologist of distinction. A pacifist, but no fisherman, with a distaste for Soho cooking, and a green hand for gardening, a fair complexion, a sensitive nostril and a painful tendency to blush; that, Doctor, you will allow, is the man." I find Miss Spurgeon to-day almost as compelling as I found Conan Doyle twenty-five years ago. She compares Shakespeare's taste in imagery with those of his contemporaries and the Bacon comparison naturally is of particular interest. Bacon is more farmer than gardener, cares little for ball games and does not share Shakespeare's compunction over "beastly, mad-brained war." It is not entirely surprising to find that the views of the two writers differ considerably upon most important matters. Marlowe does not provide a very illuminating contrast, and we regret that Miss Spurgeon has spent time on two other of Shakespeare's predecessors, Greene and Peele. Webster and Ford would surely have been more profitable, and we should like some consideration of the imagery in the main body of Elizabethan song and sonnet. Webster's images of corruption are comparable with those of *Hamlet* and *Troilus and Cressida*, and when Miss Spurgeon makes much of Shakespeare's unique feeling for birds, we call to mind the striking line:

> We think caged birds sing when indeed they cry,

and the simile of the soul in the body compared by Bosola to a lark in a cage which anticipates a sonnet of Gerard Manley Hopkins. There are many small points in the book likely to provoke argument. Is it fair to say, for example, that we do not find in Shakespeare as in Bacon vivid little pictures of episodes at sea, without excepting at any rate the wet sleepy shipboy on the mast's top, in cradle of the rude imperious surge? Or again, should the famous image of the "vagabond flag" be discussed without noting that "lackeying" is Theobald's emendation? But to carp would be ungenerous. This is a monumental work without a single dull page. Above all, it will enable other workers in the same field and Miss Spurgeon herself to reap further harvests and garner new grain, as

> Distinction with a broad and powerful fan
> Puffing at all winnows the light away,
> And what hath mass or matter, by itself
> Lies rich in virtue and unmingled.

GEORGE RYLANDS

THE B.B.C.

Broadcasting. By ERNEST H. ROBINSON. *Lane.* 3s. 6d.

Apart from technical manuals, there are very few books about broadcasting in English, and no good books at all. The subject is in fact very jejune: in many years spent in writing about it I have been hampered by nothing so much as the lack of material. This may be a reason, though hardly an excuse, for Mr. Robinson filling up his book with remarks such as these:

> Music, like every other art, must change its canons with the ever-changing ages and all that broadcasting can do is to give what appears to be the best in every direction.
>
> To please everyone all the time is impossible, and those countries are best served where high ideals are coupled with human sympathy and understanding.
>
> Excessive devotion to "sport" is, I believe, a sign of decadence in a nation whilst a devotion to games and sport is a sign of virility.

When sentences like these are winnowed away, the little that remains is seen to be chiefly an uncritical endorsement of the self-praise, loud and large as a waterfall, that pours on to the press out of Broadcasting House. Mr. Robinson admires the dramatic department of the B.B.C. and even tries in a perplexed manner to prove that its extracts from Shakespeare are better than the real thing in the theatre.

So odd a belief stimulates one to consider what in fact is the record of the dramatic achievement of the B.B.C. in the last ten years. Almost at once one realises that it is very bad—almost nothing at all. For these recitations from Shakespeare or other writers—for that is all they are—are good but not new: the public has long ago assessed at their true value recitations and readings from dramatists. Practically no advance has been made in radio drama by the B.B.C.: the only supreme achievement (*Brigade Exchange*) was German. When your audience has ears and no eyes, you can be free of all the limitations of space. You can follow a telephone conversation from the German trenches to the exchange at Sedan and to the hospital. You can be inside the brain of a drowning man. But of the possibilities of this freedom the B.B.C. has made very little use.

Mr. Robinson says "The Government is allowed to retain far too great a proportion of the fees." How can he say this, when we do not know how the B.B.C. spends the money it does receive? The book contains no discussion at all of the financial position of the B.B.C., but that is one of the most interesting things about it. The position is this. In round figures, the B.B.C. has received seventeen to eighteen millions of public money. Its present annual income (not capital) exceeds two million pounds; it is thus immensely rich. This money is extracted from listeners by legal compulsion: you cannot decline to listen to the B.B.C. and use only foreign stations, and so evade it. The annual accounts presented of this expenditure are derisory. The first item, for example, consists of one entry of nearly a million pounds, with no indication of the proportions in which it is distributed among the objects it is said to be spent upon. The whole thing occupies scarcely half a page. When we consider how meticulously the Post Office (for example) accounts, department by department and salary by salary, for all its expenditure, one realises how audacious this is. We are told that that ugly monster, Broadcasting House, is now insufficient. We do not know whether it cost half a million or a quarter of a million, but we do know how recently it was built. Here, if any is needed, is an example showing that more knowledge and control of the B.B.C. expenditure is essential.

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Autumn Books Supplement

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1935

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—NEW STATESMAN

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HEINEMANN

SELECTED NEW BOOKS for OCTOBER

Fiction

JOHN MASEFIELD, O.M. (Poet Laureate)
Victorious Troy or The Hurrying Angel
A story of the sea in the last days of the sailing ship. By the author of *The Bird of Dawning*. 7s. 6d.

RICHARD BLAKER.....Here Lies a Most Beautiful Lady
A fine novel by the author of *The Needle Watcher*. The October Choice of the Book Society. 7s. 6d.

LORD DUNSANY ..... Up in the Hills
An inimitable story of wit, charm and beauty about the Irish troubles. 7s. 6d.

SYLVIA THOMPSON.....A Silver Rattle
A modern story of life's first adventure by the author of *The Hounds of Spring*. 7s. 6d.

D. K. BROSTER and G. FORESTER.....World Under Snow
A new kind of modern thriller by the author of *The Flight of the Heron*, and a collaborator. 7s. 6d.

MARGARET LANE.....Faith, Hope, No Charity
A first novel of exceptional charm. The October Choice of the "Daily Mail." 7s. 6d.

J. D. BERESFORD.....On a Huge Hill
A convincing story of the power of the mind over the body. 7s. 6d.

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SIR JOHN SQUIRE..... Reflections and Memories
A volume composed partly of reminiscence, partly of literary and biographical essays, and partly of "sketches," bound together by the stamp of one personality and style. 8s. 6d.

HORACE BRODZKY.....Forty Drawings
Horace Brodzky and James Laver combine to produce an unusual art book. 8s. 6d.

EDWIN MUIR ..... Scottish Journey
A book that will stir Scottish opinion as it has not been stirred since the days of T. W. H. Crosland. (Published with Victor Gollancz.) 7s. 6d.

ELIZABETH SPRIGGE ..... Children Alone
A book for children and grown-ups by the author of *The Old Man Dies* and *Castle in Andalusia*. 6s.

OSTEOPATHY

The full discussions on the nature, principles and claims of osteopathy as a science of healing, which took place before the Select Committee of the House of Lords appointed to consider the Bill for the Registration and Regulation of Osteopaths, have been printed in a volume together with the Committee's Report upon the subject. 15s. (15s. 6d.)

CAREERS

Recent issues in the popular series of Choice of Career pamphlets include:

Revised editions of the pamphlets on:—Accountancy. 4d. (5d.)
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BRITISH GEOLOGY

A series of handbooks in which only an elementary knowledge of geology is assumed is being issued by the Geological Survey and Museum. Each relates to well defined geological areas, and is attractively produced and clearly illustrated by a series of photographs, maps, cross sections, and diagrams. A bibliography is included. Handbooks already published deal with London and Thames Valley; The Wealden District; Bristol and Gloucester District (including Cheddar Gorge and the Wye Valley); Northern England; The Grampian Highlands; the South of Scotland; The Tertiary Volcanic Districts of Scotland; The Welsh Borderland, and North Wales.
1s. 6d. each (1s. 9d.)
These volumes, each of 90–100 pp., are admirably designed for all interested in the topography and formation of areas with which they are familiar.

INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT

The Board of Trade have issued a concise Survey of Industrial Development during 1934 showing the location of new factories and factory extensions, and giving details relating to employment in new factories, the transfers of factories, and the establishment of "foreign" factories. 9d. (10d.)

NATIONAL MUSEUMS & GALLERIES OF LONDON

A Brief Guide. Gives a summary description of the principal treasures of art and science for which each institution is renowned, and describes how each Museum may be reached, gives the hours of opening and charges for admission (where they exist). Fully illustrated with 4 maps. 6d. (8d.)
"A model guide book in its concision, taste and accuracy."—The New Statesman and Nation.

OFFICIAL STATISTICS

Volume 13 of the Annual Guide to Current Official Statistics relates to the official publications of 1934. It directs enquirers to all current official publications containing statistics bearing on subjects in which they are interested, and briefly describes the nature of the statistics contained in the volumes to which reference is made. 1s. (1s. 5d.)

LEAGUE OF NATIONS

The text of the Covenant of the League of Nations, incorporating amendments in force on 1st June, 1935. 3d. (3½d.)
The Board of Education's Pamphlet No. 90—The League of Nations and the Schools—first issued in 1932, summarises the attitude of educational authorities, etc., towards the instruction of the young in the aims and achievements of the League of Nations. 6d. (7d.)

SPECIAL AREAS

The activities of the two Commissioners appointed to deal with certain depressed areas in England and Wales and in Scotland are recorded in two recent reports: Report for England and Wales, Cmd. 4957, 2s. (2s. 2d.), Scotland, Cmd. 4958, 6d. (7d.)
The report of the Commissioner for England and Wales comments in some detail upon the many problems and difficulties already encountered in the work of promoting the welfare of these depressed areas.
An earlier report by three investigators appointed by the Ministry of Health on "Economic Conditions and Health in Sunderland and County Durham," dealt with the alleged "substantial and progressive deterioration in public health" in certain depressed areas. Cmd. 4886. 9d. (10d.)

WAR IN MACEDONIA

The first of the Official History of Military Operations in Macedonia was published in 1933. The second volume, issued in June 1935, completes the narrative of operations in this sphere. Its main interest lies in the account it gives of the final victorious offensive carried out in accordance with the remarkable strategical scheme of General (later Marshal) Franchet d'Esperey. Volumes 1 and 2—12s. 6d. each (13s.), separate cases of maps with each volume. 5s. 6d. (6s.).

LOCAL GOVERNMENT AND PUBLIC HEALTH

The Sixteenth Annual Report of the Ministry of Health relates to progress achieved in England and Wales in the year 1934 in Public Health, Housing and Town Planning, Local Government and Local Finance, Administration of the Poor Law, National Health Insurance and Contributory Pensions. It is prefaced by a Jubilee Survey. Cmd. 4978. 5s. 6d. (5s. 11d.)

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THE GOLOSH

[Mikhail Zoshchenko, born in 1895, is one of the most popular writers of post-revolutionary Russia. Short stories by Zoshchenko have appeared before in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION on August 27th, September 17th and October 15th, 1932.]

OF course, it doesn't take much to lose a golosh in a tram. Especially, if one gets shoved into from the side and some hefty great baboon steps right on the heel from behind—there you are, no golosh.

To lose a golosh—like falling off a log.

My golosh was dragged off me in two ticks of a hen's thumb. One might almost say, before you could say "knife."

When I got on the tram both goloshes were present and correct, I remember that as though it were a moment ago. I even touched them with my hand as I climbed in—there they were.

But when I got out of the tram—I look: one golosh still present, the pet—the other absent. The book—yes, there it is. And the sock. And the pants all reporting present. But the golosh is gone.

Naturally, you can't very well run after the tram.

I took off the remaining golosh, wrapped it up in a newspaper and went my way. "After work," I think, "I shall start looking for it. Goods and chattels can't be just let go like this. Somewhere, somehow I shall unearth it."

After work I set out on my search. As first step—I consulted with a tram-driver of my acquaintance.

He gave me hope at once.

"Offer," he said, "thanksgiving that you lost it on a tram. In any other public place—I could vouch for nothing, but a loss on a tram is a holy matter. We have such an office for lost things. Come there and get yours. A holy matter!"

"Well," I say, "thanks very much. A mountain, indeed, has been taken off my shoulders. Particularly as the golosh was almost brand-new. At most in its third season."

The next day I proceeded to the office in question.

"Would it be possible," I say, "chaps, to get back a golosh? Got dragged off in the tram."

"It would be possible," they say. "What sort of a golosh?"

"The golosh," I say, "is of the ordinary sort. Size twelve."

"We have," they say, "of this very size twelve, perhaps twelve thousand. Enumerate its personal characteristics."

"Personal characteristics," I say, "are of the ordinary sort: the heel, of course, is frayed, and the lining inside—well, it isn't there, it's been worn off."

"We have," they say, "of exactly such goloshes perhaps more than a thousand. Has it no special marks?"

"It has," I say, "special marks. The toe is, one might almost put it, torn right off, hardly holds on. And the back of the sole," I say, "is almost gone altogether. Worn through—the sole. But the sides," I say, "the sides are not so bad, still bearing up."

"Wait here," they say, "awhile. We'll look."

And suddenly they bring out my golosh.

Gracious, how my heart jumped. What an emotion! "How marvellously," I think, "works the organisation of the State. And what idealistic people—how much trouble they have taken on themselves, all for the sake of my golosh!"

"Thank you," I say, "friends, till the last of my days. Pass it to me quickly. I'll put it on at once."

"No," they say, "nothing doing. We cannot issue it to you. We," they say, "have no means of knowing—perhaps it wasn't you at all who lost this golosh."

"But it was I," I say, "who lost it."

"Very," they say, "possible, but we cannot effect issue. Bring a certificate to the effect that it is indeed you who lost this golosh. Let the house committee certify this fact, and then, without more ado or superfluous red tape, we shall issue the golosh."

"Chaps," I say, "revered comrades, but the house committee is totally ignorant respecting this said fact. Perhaps they won't issue such a document."

"They'll issue," they said, "it's their job to issue."

So I took one more look at my golosh and exited.

The next day I went to the chairman.

"Issue the document," I say, "the golosh is perishing."

"But is it true," he says, "that you lost it? It's not a try-on?"

"By God," I say, "I lost it."

"Fill in," he says, "a declaration." I filled in a declaration. Next day I received the formal certificate.

I took this certificate to the office. And without worry, without ado, without red tape they issue me back my golosh.

Only when the golosh was once more upon my foot was I at last overcome. "See," I think, "how marvellously works the organisation of the State. Would they in some backward country have taken so much time and trouble over my golosh? No, they would just have thrown it out of the tram—and that would have been that. While here—barely a week have I applied, and they issue it me back. What organisation!"

One fly in the ointment: during the week's excitement I lost the first golosh, my pet. I carried her throughout under my arm wrapped up in a parcel—and for the life of me I can't remember where I left her. But the main thing, it wasn't in a tram. That's the hell and perishing worst of it, that it wasn't in a tram. Where to start looking for her?

But, anyway, I still have the other golosh. I put it on the mantelpiece. And whenever life feels tiresome—you steal a glance at the golosh and somehow all seems to be light and carefree again. "Eh," I think, "what organisation!"

MIKHAIL ZOSHCHENKO

(Translated by I. M. and S. S. N.)

CÉZANNE

Paul Cézanne. By GERSTLE MACK. *Cape.* 25s.

Until something as intelligent and scholarly but more brilliant comes to be written this will remain the standard biography of Cézanne. It is a model of thoroughness. Mr. Mack has followed, sometimes to be sure without appreciable benefit, the most unpromising clues; and, as generally happens when a genuine scholar gets to work on ground hitherto exploited by amateurs, has proved that what was reckoned barren soil is, in fact, reasonably fertile. It will come as a surprise to most students, and a reproach to former biographers let us hope, to read on the second page of the preface that: "the present study is based as far as possible upon documentary records, principally letters. . . . I have been permitted—says the author—to consult and copy more than one hundred unpublished letters from Cézanne to various correspondents, covering almost the whole of the painter's adult life."

It is concerning these letters, however, that I have to make my only complaint, a complaint which I hope may lead to the improvement of subsequent editions. Mr. Mack always quotes in translation. Of a few letters, those which contain the not very stirring poetical effusions of Cézanne's nonage, he gives the text in an appendix. It is to be regretted that he did not give in appendices, or better still in footnotes, the text of all. Exact records of the painter's sayings—though, of course, they cannot have been absolutely exact—were amongst the most striking novelties in M. Vollard's lively monograph. Their force and originality strengthened the

conviction of those who are unwilling to believe that a great artist is a common man with an uncommon knack. They came as a reassurance; for almost all we had previously heard of Cézanne's conversation sounded dismally humdrum. But force and originality of Cézanne's sort can hardly survive translation; and—to give a single instance—one would like to know what word for word he did say which Mr. Mack translates: "The artist should scorn any opinion that is not based on an intelligent observation of character. He should avoid the literary spirit, which so often leads the painter astray from his real mission—the concrete study of nature—and causes him to lose himself for too long a time among intangible speculations."

A single example of Mr. Mack's method must serve to give a notion of his thoroughness. Vollard tells the story of an interview which he (Vollard) had with Zola—a story in which Vollard's literary weaknesses appear at their very worst. The whole chapter, in which the dealer's elephantine efforts at irony can give nothing but pain to his well-wishers, bears the stamp of untruth. His object is to gibbet Zola for having taken care to recover his own letters from Cézanne, while destroying those which the painter had addressed to him. "Everything that Cézanne wrote," Zola is made to say, "was unexpected and original. But I have not kept his letters. I would not, for the world, have anyone else read them, on account of their somewhat loose form." With infinite patience and civility Mr. Mack makes hay of this interview, ending his job thus: "Hence, notwithstanding Vollard's statement, it would appear that unless Zola destroyed most of his own letters after having taken the trouble to retrieve them from Cézanne—which seems highly unlikely—the boot is really on the other leg, and that whereas Zola kept at least eighty of Cézanne's letters to him, Cézanne preserved only a few of Zola's."

Surprise has been expressed, chiefly by art-critics to be sure, that such a father as Louis-Auguste Cézanne should have produced such a son as Paul. In fact, Louis-Auguste was a remarkable though most unpleasant man, who by sheer force of character and brain made what, in his time and place, was a great fortune. One would have expected him to produce something unusual, and he did. Mr. Mack throws a clear light on Paul's early years, and shows that the great influence in them was Zola. For all that, Zola is not idealised; on the contrary, by quoting letters extensively, especially his letter of advice on painting, Mr. Mack makes the eminent novelist far more ridiculous than M. Vollard has made him with his laborious sarcasm. Next we are allowed to watch Cézanne hesitatingly become a painter, humbly allying himself with the Impressionists, and yet always keeping aloof from movements and from other artists. All this we dimly knew before; but now that we have the story told carefully, undramatically and in detail, we see it take on a new and natural appearance. Also we realise that up to 1870, at any rate, Cézanne was by temperament half romantic, and, what is more, a morbid and provincial romantic. This side is revealed all too clearly in those large and unlucky subject-pieces of the first period (*l'époque couillarde*). Simultaneously, however, he was painting portraits that look to the future. Also, it was during these years that he did those memorable wall-paintings at the Jas de Bouffan; and Mr. Mack tells with admirable moderation the tale of their rejection as a gift by M. Léonce Bénédite, director of the Luxembourg, in the year 1907.

The book makes it quite clear that in 1870 Cézanne was an *insoumis*—an evader of military service. When the police came to look for him at the Jas de Bouffan he hid, and the same night walked fifteen miles across the hills to L'Estaque, where he remained for the duration of the war. This was of particular interest to me because when I stated the fact in the *Athenaeum*, some fifteen years ago, I was smartly called to order by various French and English authorities.

Between 1871 and 1877 Cézanne was loosely associated with the Impressionists. After that, he went his own way; in fact, he disappeared. By the good offices of Guillemet one of his pictures was insinuated into the salon and skyed in '82, another was smuggled into the Exposition Universelle ('89), while three were shown at Brussels in 1890; but effectively Cézanne's work was unseen in Paris between 1877 and the Vollard Exhibition of 1895. The only people who knew of his existence, apart from his friends, were the painters and amateurs who visited the Père Tanguy's little colour shop in the rue Clauzel. But amongst these were Seurat, Gauguin and Van Gogh, all of whom were profoundly impressed by the mysterious Aixois. After the exhibition of '95, though the Léonce Bénédites to a man almost, the official painters and experts, remained as blind as ever, Cézanne's genius was recognised by the few whose recognition matters. He died in 1906, and his letters of the last decade form the most exciting and moving part of the book. It is here particularly that we feel the absence of the original text.

Mr. Mack has given us an admirable and important biography. If the writing is not distinguished, it is adequate; and after the highly coloured rhetoric in which the praises of Cézanne are apt to be sung, this drab but lucid narrative style comes as something of a relief. His industry and scholarship are above praise; so are his temper and literary manners. His illustrations are judiciously chosen and well presented. In fact, this is a book which no one who cares for modern art can ignore. Clive Bell

BEANY-EYE

Beany-Eye. By David Garnett. *Chatto and Windus.* 5s.

Lunacy and childhood have a certain connection. The demented and weak-minded are often drawn towards human beings younger than themselves in whom they find a degree of sympathy and credulity that the adult world usually denies them; while children, inhabiting as they do a universe far more fluid, fantastic and unaccountable than that of their elders and betters, still regard lunacy with a touch of primitive awe. The lunatic provides a glimpse of the supernatural. I shall never forget how, driving through a Hampshire village with my parents some time before the war, I saw a tall, gaunt red-bearded man step out of a garden gate, smile and show his teeth and, at the same moment, roll back the pupils of his eyes till only the vacancy of the eye-balls remained, ghostly and blank, in frightful contrast to his flaming beard and hair. . . . It was one of those impressions that refuse to vanish. The impressionability of childhood may have been exaggerated by middle-aged sentimentalists; but there is no doubt that from immaturity we derive many of the sharpest, strangest and most durable recollections of later life. On such a recollection Mr. David Garnett has founded his new short novel or long short story. The tale that he relates is unfolded in less than a hundred and twenty small pages. *Beany-Eye* is an anecdote; but it has a much wider imaginative extension than the mere outlines of the miniature drama might at first suggest. And, though Mr. Garnett is too practised a writer to give a specious symbolic colouring to his portrait of the crazy handyman who runs amok, Beany-Eye—like Wordsworth's Old Leech Gatherer—has the fascination of a ghost that has never been laid, of a dumb presence that continues to haunt the memory. He trudges out of the book as he has wandered into it. He expresses the aimlessness of the natural creation in human terms.

Rational characters can be explained away; but, irrational, moon-struck, half-demented, Mr. Garnett's protagonist straddles large and opaque across the thin borderline that divides known and unknown—the named, numbered, concept-ridden universe of our waking hours and the vast territories where reason lacks a foothold. Beany-Eye is no ordinary village lunatic; and even in the opening pages, which tell how Mr. Butler, the narrator's father, notices him at work one evening in the gravel-pit, he emerges bigger and clumsier than real life:

> My father, coming across the open heather, saw the solitary man whirling and stabbing with the shovel as though he were bayonet fighting, then, throwing it down to seize the barrow-handles and, with a staggering run, rush the load uphill, keeping it balanced on the trembling plank and finally hurl it over sideways on to the heap. Beyond him, the angry sunset, like a smithy forge livened by the bellows of the wind, glowed between dark clouds threatening snow. When my father looked down again the figure of the labourer fighting with the sand had gone quite black; the silhouette of the black shovel was whirling against the sky at the ends of black diabolic arms.

Eventually, somewhat against his better judgment, Mr. Butler takes Beany-Eye to work in his garden. He works hard; but in the garden, as in the gravel-pit, his labours have a frantic undirected violence, and he hacks his way into the undergrowth with as much reckless energy as if he were annihilating a legion of invisible foes, and leaves behind him devastation and disorder.

Beany-Eye—so called because his silent, hulking presence derives an additional touch of horror from a slight cast in the eye—does not increase the harmony of a peaceful household. His sight and the peculiar wild-beast odour that he emanates prove equally antipathetic to Mrs. Butler and her timorous Cockney maid. Mr. Butler, kindly but firmly, attempts to get rid of him; and there follows—related in Mr. Garnett's vivid yet clear-flowing prose style—an unforgettable account of the

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cataclysmic outburst that results; for Beany-Eye goes raving mad, grasps a hatchet, attacks Mr. Butler, lays siege to the house and finally sets the entire neighbourhood by the ears. As a foil to the picture of Beany-Eye—a frenzied Gulliver from the moon surrounded by Lilliputian antagonists and by the host of enemies that have risen up against him from the depths of his own troubled imagination—we have a delightful portrait of the gallant Mr. Butler, and of the odd sympathetic relationship that develops between persecuted employer and well-meaning but maniacal employee.

It would be a pity to spoil Mr. Garnett's fascinating story by attempting to recapitulate the details of his simply, yet cunningly constructed narrative. The charm of the book depends on its atmosphere. We see Beany-Eye from several different points of view. From the point of view of the quixotic Mr. Butler; from the more practical viewpoint of his wife; lastly, as he was seen by the narrator, a spirited and not unduly nervous little boy, who accepts Beany-Eye's eccentricities with the tolerance that is one of the most charming characteristics of early childhood, and positively enjoys the bustle of the siege. . . . These threads are woven together with quiet skill. It is part of the peculiar charm of the narrative that we should think of it as an actual verbal reminiscence, and that it should have some of the immediacy and vivacity of the spoken tale. Mr. Garnett is a pleasant anomaly among modern prose-writers: his books never disappoint us if we read them aloud.

PETER QUENNELL

SHORT STORIES

Moving Pageant. By L. A. Pavey. *Grayson.* 7s. 6d.
Fifteen Odd Stories. By Shane Leslie. *Hutchinson.* 7s. 6d.
And Lastly the Fireworks. By John Pudney. *Boriswood.* 7s. 6d.
The Best Short Stories, English and American, 1935. Edited by E. J. O'Brien. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
Round Up. By Ring Lardner. *Williams and Norgate.* 7s. 6d.
Time: The Present. By Tess Slesinger. *Barker.* 8s. 6d.

I should like to persuade people whose literary taste is quiet to spend seven-and-six on *Moving Pageant*. Mr. Pavey (already the author of a novel called *Mr. Line*, not mentioned on the flyleaf) is a writer whose flavour is not to be caught at high speed and who is worth taking slowly, with pauses for reflection. His subjects are usually subtle; more often than not the point is missed if a point is looked for, because it is a view of life, an individual's contact with the universe which is being given substance, not an anecdote, sometimes not even a situation, being enlarged on. Mr. Pavey is fully capable of dealing with a story in the usual sense, as "The Maid" and "Journeys End in Lovers' Meeting" show; but he is most at home when imaginatively reconstructing the inner life of someone in ordinary, not to say drab, outward circumstances, the sense of inner complexity, oddity, richness, being deepened by the suburban settings and trivial adjuncts, as in "The Test" and "Father and Son." In "Home Town," one of the most memorable, a man revisits the haunts of youth, vainly hoping thereby to detect some pattern in a life which seems to have shredded out into chaos. Everything that occurs, even when he goes home with a whore, is subjectively rendered in a low tone, and the effect is one of devastating, quite unsensational despair. "The Bridegroom" unfolds an interesting and obscure situation, but it is marred by Mr. Pavey's want of sensibility to the superficial badges which at present distinguish one class from another. Thus, the reader's illusion is shattered when an educated girl at a country house-party is made to say to her fiancé: "Your Auntie's a real darling. I think we're ever so fortunate." "Auntie," "real," and "ever so" transport us instantly from cedared lawn to servants' hall. But these flaws are very few, and I enthusiastically recommend Mr. Pavey to highbrows.

Fifteen Odd Stories and *And Lastly the Fireworks* form a neat contrast of the older and newer methods. Mr. Shane Leslie's stories ("odd" refers to their subject-matter, often supernatural) are suitable for the visitor's room when the guest is elderly and easy-going. They are leisurely, slightly tired, and have a ninetyish flavour owing to epigrams about champagne and shampoo; they make an impression of not having bothered the author either to conceive or to write, and of not having interested him deeply either. Mr. Pudney, on the other hand, succeeds in conveying emotions in a way which presupposes lively experience, because what has not been felt cannot be communicated. He is a poet of the Auden school, but only one story, "The Patriot," is written in the stance-railhead manner. The rest are purely his own, both when they come off admirably, as do "Fabulous Monster" and "I Died This Morning," and when they fumble a little, and fail, as does the title-story. In all, a highly perceptive nature can be seen realising itself, which is to say that they are original. "The Sin She Could Not Confess" is a perfect example of how a writer can express his opinion of the present organisation of society without obtruding a single excrescence of propaganda. It uses with mastery that dangerous expedient of fiction, the dream, and progresses with the inevitability which obliterates thought in the reader, so that only looking back does one become aware that a miracle—the miracle of art—has once more been performed.

The title-story is the most important of those which do not quite come off. Its ingredients fail to fuse: Gertrude's love for and slavery to her paralysed son; her passion for the apparently oblivious narrator; her fear of the dark; the river pageant which is the occasion of the climax—the underlying connection between these things is not conveyed. In this story, too, Mr. Pudney's writing is occasionally pretentious and empty: "Her animation moved with a subtle certainty of life." "These last two years restrained her, separated her vitality into harnessed rivers." Otherwise, the style is good, its felicities not holding up the attention but passing it on to what is to come:

> His rooms were in Soho. The streets were quiet, exhaling the dust and sweat of the day. The sky was drawn fine as brass, reflecting the London light, throwing back the echo. In the back streets you could hear the eating and talking, the sighing and crying of the people who lived at the top of the old houses. In front of shut warehouses and office buildings the pavements ached with heat.

And Lastly the Fireworks puts Mr. Pudney among the writers for whom we look eagerly in the spring and autumn publishers' lists. He is a new star.

Best Short Stories, 1935, is divided into English and American. It includes Mr. Pavey but not Mr. Pudney. Sharing with one of my colleagues a bias towards American fiction, I nevertheless began at the beginning, and was greeted by the words:

> Well, Mr. Bidmead had a sow. And she waun't no ordinary sow, for all she spent her time grunting and wallering in the mire: but there was something about those eyes of her'n, a sparkle, a "by yer leave," an "after you," as ain't gener'ly to be found in sties.

This dialect narrative running for eleven pages sent me hurrying to the American section. If a story has to be about the soil, I would rather it were told by Mr. Erskine Caldwell. But the story contributed by him to this volume is not of the Tobacco Road kind; it is a brief episode of a town "rooming-house," and has that glorious terseness which in itself almost amounts to merit, but which is not its sole merit; the story is charged with a curious intense emotion of vicarious paternity. There is an adequate story of the Faulkner school called "Triple Jump," by Charles Cooke, about a travelling circus, and a Faulkner which I found dull. The best American contribution, among too many of magazine quality only, is "Bus to Biarritz" by Madelene Cole. It is interesting to read this next to Mr. Calder Marshall's "Terminus" (English section), for both belong to the type of keenly observed reporting with grim or poignant overtones. The English story is the drier, the American the more meaty. The nice observation of "Bus to Biarritz" is marred by Miss Cole making her Englishwoman use two American expressions: "My!" and "schedule." In Mr. Marshall's there is no flaw, unless you want a story to *be* a story, in the nineteenth-century sense. This volume for sheer bulk (five hundred pages) is worth taking home from the library. Other stories that should be read in it are "The Picture" by Christopher Christian, "A Change of Mood" by Olivia Manning, and "Footsteps" by Eileen Verrninder, all English. That exciting American writer, Saroyan, is not well represented; but "Souvenir of Arizona" makes me wish to inquire further about Mr. Benedict Thielen.

Round Up by Ring Lardner contains four hundred and sixty pages of small print. Lardner may have seemed snappy a few years ago, but then we had not become addicted to Round Trips, Postmen's Knocks, and Dance Marathons. To-day, though good for some laughs, he seems long-winded, and his subject-matter is monotonous. Hatred of women's imbecile chatter produced his best stories, with self-adoring baseball players, idiotic concocters or backers of musical shows and over-assiduous hosts as runners-up. After reading the bulk of these stories, I think it is time that the slightly self-conscious cult for Lardner among some English people (rather like the P. G. Wodehouse cult) was dropped.

Miss Tess Slesinger had considerable success with her novel

MACMILLAN

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MACMILLAN

The Unpossessed; the last chapter of that book, relating how the heroine leaves hospital after an abortion, on account of which she feels a certain resentment against her husband, reappears in *Time : The Present*, because it was first written as a short story. Extreme cleverness, and fluency combined with precision, are Miss Slesinger's chief qualities; the cleverness is the kind associated in our minds with the adolescent burgeoning of intellect and self-consciousness. The opening story, "On being told that her second husband has taken his first lover," fairly coruscates with tortured sensibilities given exact and (since the writer is American) highly colloquial expression :

> He has the gall to ask whether you feel "through" with him now. No, you answer. . . . "Well, but is it going to make any difference to you from now on?" How in hell should I know? At the moment I have no desire but to keep my head above water and say funny things.

And later: "Why make infidelity a painless operation and take from it its only possible lasting virtue, a possible binding closer together of the original two partners? Besides, there's something cheap in painlessness." This belief—that suffering is good in itself—is the mark of this particular kind of brilliant immaturity. Here in the most characteristic of her tales one has an uncomfortable sense of eavesdropping, an embarrassment which indicates that the writer's life-blood has gone into its composition, untransmuted, as life-blood must be if it is to contribute to a work of art. The detachment of "Jobs in the Sky," the focus of attention and sensibility being shifted to embrace characters with whom the author is imaginatively in sympathy but not completely identified, makes it a very much better piece of work. The bitterness, the hatred of hypocrisy and bunk which inspires her no less than it inspired Ring Lardner, is here implied, not directly expressed. "White on Black," an account of a day-school in which two negro children were prominent, is successful for the same reason. A school, this time a smart boarding-school, is also the subject of a long tender story called "The Answer," largely written in pseudo-Virginia Woolfese, a fact which gives it a second-hand flavour; and "The Friedman's Annie," about a servant girl of German extraction employed by New York Jews, would seem better than merely competent if it recalled less vividly Miss Hurst's *Lummox*. *Time : The Present* is elaborately got up, and would make a very good Christmas present for a woman recipient. It is an intensely feminine book, in which bleakness, unemployment, heartache and heartlessness are combined with an agreeable feeling of settling down for conversation with an intimate, disillusioned, gossipy, malicious and often witty friend. E. B. C. Jones

BAD CONSCIENCES

The Eve of 1914. By Theodor Wolff. *Gollancz*. 21*s*.

This book raises once more the question to whom in particular should belong the guilt (or, as many in Europe now seem to think, the credit) of having caused the war of 1914–1918. Theodor Wolff was a very brilliant German journalist who edited the *Berliner Tageblatt* for twenty-seven years, from 1906 until the Nazis made any kind of independent and honest journalism impossible in Germany. During his editorship his paper stood for liberalism and European peace. He repeatedly opposed the international policy pursued by the Kaiser and the German Foreign Office, though he did not refuse, as for instance in the articles which he wrote on the Anglo-Russian naval conversations, to take a cue from the Wilhelmstrasse. Like most people who write *ex post facto* about the diplomatic and political causes of the war, he claims by implication to have seen farther than most of his contemporaries. In his case there is some *non ex post facto* evidence to support the claim. His book is perhaps not quite as important an historical document as the publisher's blurb would induce any unwary reader (if such exist any longer) to suppose. The student of that vast mountain of diplomatic documents and apologias which were published by governments and statesmen, anxious to put the blame for the war on someone else's shoulders, will not discover anything in Theodor Wolff's pages which should lead him to alter or modify his main conclusions. Some of the things which Herr Wolff tells us are highly significant and interesting, e.g., the genesis of the articles in the *Berliner Tageblatt* with regard to the Anglo-Russian naval conversations, his interview with Jagow at the German Foreign Office in July, 1914, and some of his conversations with Bethmann Hollweg. But the book contains no vital revelations.

Nevertheless, even for those who have a detailed knowledge of the war's diplomatic history the book is extremely interesting, while for a less-instructed reader it is as good a dissertation on, and analysis of, war guilt as any which has been written. Its merits are due to several causes. It is written by a German who is sanely patriotic—a rather rare phenomenon. He has an amazing knowledge of that unmanageable mass of documentary evidence to which we have referred above; indeed there seems to be no book, between Aeschylus and Mr. Kipling and Mr. Harold Nicolson, which Herr Wolff has not got at his pen's end. He is able to balance and check this academic and theoretical knowledge by that easy familiarity with contemporary events and persons which is the prerogative of an influential political journalist. Unlike many famous political journalists, he has good political judgment, and has some understanding of the difference between history and "good journalism." He has a good eye and ear for the essential fact or the dramatic word which makes it possible to reveal through a single sentence the tragic folly of some monarchical statesman or the still more tragic stupidity of the human race. With all these advantages and accomplishments he has produced an extraordinarily vivid and convincing account of the way in which the kings and statesmen contrived to guide Europe into a world war.

About Herr Wolff's main conclusions and moral there is no need to say much. It is now reasonably certain that no leading statesman or person in authority deliberately, willingly, and consciously took steps to cause the war, except Count Berchtold in Austria, and the generals and admirals in Austria and other European countries. As a good German Herr Wolff is obviously anxious to convince himself and us that the Kaiser and his Government were not more war-guilty than the rulers and Governments of Austria, Russia, France, and Great Britain. His knowledge and honesty make any such thesis untenable. The crime of causing the war with deliberate intent can be proved against three men, two Austrians and a German, Count Leopold von Berchtold, Count Conrad von Hötzendorff, and Count Helmuth von Moltke, and a Russian, Alexander Petrovich Isvolsky, though he contributed little or nothing during July, 1914, was undoubtedly an accessory before that date. It is easy enough to bring evidence that the cowardly Kaiser, with his big words and timid soul, and his unhappy Chancellor "did not want the war." But they, representing the German Government, were more responsible for causing the war than any one else outside Austria. The feather-brained Kaiser in the early stages of every international crisis welcomed the idea of war; it was he himself who wrote only two years before 1914 to his Chancellor with sublime fatuity : "A war never disturbs me!" So, too, right up to the last days of July the idea of a war never disturbed the Kaiser; it was to be a war between Austria and Serbia, but he knew that that involved the risk of a world war. He and his Government were prepared to take the risk; they took it with their eyes open and that was why they did the thing which made war inevitable, they gave a free hand, an absolute guarantee of support to Berchtold. It was only when it was much too late that they swung round and joined in the efforts of those statesmen in other countries who were trying to prevent war. Leonard Woolf

CHARLES DICKENS

The Life of Charles Dickens. By Thomas Wright. *Herbert Jenkins*. 18*s*.

This book, on which Mr. Wright has been working for over forty years, is a valuable supplement and corrective to Forster's Life. The chief faults in Forster's Life were a complete indifference about dates, and the suppression or distortion of facts which reflected on Dickens's respectability. Mr. Wright is very exact about dates, and deals in an honest businesslike way with the breakdown of Dickens's marriage and his affair with Ellen Lawless Ternan. The importance of this affair to Dickens, and even its existence, have been questioned since Mr. Wright gave an account of it eighteen months ago in the *Daily Express*. One agitated critic suggested that Miss Ternan was lying to Canon Benham, in whom she confided, and from whom Mr. Wright obtained his information. Another critic was very harsh with the present reviewer for suggesting that the heroines of Dickens's last three novels, Estella, Bella Wilfer, and Helena Landless, owed their names to Ellen Lawless Ternan. To bring the legend of a famous figure nearer to the truth is an arduous task, but Mr. Wright is so solid and matter-of-fact about Miss Ternan that the sceptics will probably yield to him without too much mental anguish. There is something very reassuring about his statement that

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Dickens " took for her a house No. 2 Houghton Place, Ampthill Square, near the homes of his boyhood, Johnson Street and the Polygon, for that neighbourhood oddly enough had . . . a fascination for him which he could never resist." Nor is Mr. Wright's formula for the moral aspect of the affair less calming: " He imagined that . . . it would be roses, roses all the way. He forgot that roses have thorns. He thought he was in front of the supremest felicity ever enjoyed by mortal man. He wasn't." Even the Dickens Fellowship may be able to reconcile itself to this way of putting the matter.

Mr. Wright has included much interesting material not to be found in previous biographies. He quotes from a farce called *Is She His Wife?* which Dickens wrote six months after his marriage. The sardonic boredom of the husband, and the tearful plaints of the wife, faintly foreshadow the relations of Quilp and Mrs. Quilp, and are, in the opinion of Mr. Wright, a reflection of what Dickens felt like within half a year of his marriage. Mr. Wright also deals with the originals of the Squeers family. It appears that William Shaw, the one-eyed schoolmaster from whom Dickens drew Squeers, was quite a respected figure in the district where he lived. He had, however, got into trouble over his methods some years before Dickens visited Yorkshire, and to this extent Dickens was justified. But subsequently he treated his boys as well as the small fees he charged allowed, and Dickens's attack on him was largely due to the fact that he resented Dickens' visit, and refused to show him over the school. In reprisal Dickens gave Squeers only one eye, and placed his school near Greta Bridge, like Shaw's. Shaw's wife died within a year of the publication of *Nicholas Nickleby*, and his daughter never recovered from the chagrin of being painted as Fanny Squeers. She was, an acquaintance writes, " one of the sweetest and kindest of women. Every word, every glance . . . bespoke a kindly heart. She suffered her undeserved martyrdom in silence." On the death of William Shaw his neighbours commemorated him with a stained glass window in the village church—presumably not from a design by Phiz.

Mr. Wright does not touch on the resentment Dickens felt against his mother for wishing him to remain at the blacking warehouse. " He was," Mr. Wright says, " in after years indignant with his father whom he pitilessly caricatured . . . as Micawber." There are many pitiless caricatures in Dickens, but Micawber is drawn with as much affection as humour. His father was the one person Dickens both loved and was amused by. He saw the comic side of his mother, but he did not love her. The chief value of this book is in its presentation of the facts of Dickens' life. Its aesthetic criticism and its examination of character are less valuable. " It does not do," Mr. Wright says, " to probe too deeply into human motives." On the whole Mr. Wright has not offended against this maxim. HUGH KINGSMILL

A DOZEN DETECTIVES

The Body in Bedford Square. By DAVID FROME. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.

The Sullen Sky Mystery. By H. C. BAILEY. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

The House on the Roof. By M. G. EBERHART. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

A Most Immoral Murder. By HARRIETTE ASHBROOK. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 7s. 6d.

Homicide Haven. By J. V. TURNER. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

The Hollow Man. By JOHN DICKSON CARR. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7s. 6d.

Murder in the Madhouse. By JONATHAN LATIMER. *Hurst and Blackett.* 7s. 6d.

Murder in Midsummer. By MARY M. ATWATER. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.

The Curious Mr. Tarrant. By C. DALY KING. *Collins.* 7s. 6d.

The Carrismore Ruby. By J. S. FLETCHER. *Jarrolds.* 7s. 6d.

The Five Mutineers. By JAMES SPENSER. *Longmans.* 7s. 6d.

Duncan Ross—Detective-Sergeant. By ROBERT STUART. *Blackie.* 7s. 6d.

It is the most ordinary occurrence to hear the whole tribe of detective writers anathematised, either by an extenuated reviewer or by a field of disappointed and petulant readers. Such states of mind are, I believe, not unknown in the hunting field at the end of a blank day. But few of those who complain so of foxes, M.F.H.s and failing scent send up their string to Tattersall's the following week and take to reading *Bendodocia Epidemica* as a more satisfactory and ennobling way of spending their lives. Yet this apparently is what Mr. David Garnett confidently recommends as a change for the better to us jaded followers of the Gallimaufry sleuth-hounds. The advice was given to readers of this paper a fortnight ago, after Mr. Garnett had pictured to himself the deplorable spectacle of Englishmen lounging about in deck chairs the entire summer with detective stories propped up on their " cantilevered knees," all " unaware of the sunshine and the wind ruffling their hair." The strange thing is that Mr. Garnett imagines that these miserable specimens, if such exist, actually enjoy their degraded occupation. He himself admits to an attack of nausea after reading his third detective story on end; and that is what one would expect in any normal being. Nobody can chain-read such things without symptoms of indigestion. But the remedy suggested for these dope-fiends, to wit reading Pareto or Mr. Masefield or possibly re-reading Sir Thomas Browne, might be as hopefully presented to fox-hunters or chocolate-gorgers as a cure for their disease. Not even reading Sir Thomas Browne for the second time will allay the desire to eat just one more chocolate, once you have discovered which are the hard-bakes. No, the only cure is the one Mr. Garnett discovered early for himself, namely, nausea at saturation point—and even that is not a lasting one. The craving once indulged is certain to return.

The drug habit seems on the increase, to judge by the unscrupulous way in which publishers cater for it. But after the sermon from Mr. Garnett I feel in the position of the writer of " City Notes " in a Communist paper. If it were possible to say honestly that not one of these dozen books was worth reading I should be only too pleased to abet the campaign to join the highbrow Salvation Army launched on the *Books in General* page. But I regret to state that some of them are actually capable of giving pleasure to people who have read Pareto and expect to re-read Sir Thomas Browne, who are convalescent, or weary after office hours, or not so young as they were and whose eyes in consequence are inclined to ache in the glare of the sun and whose hair is no longer in a position to be ruffled by the wind.

Mr. David Frome, for instance, will not fit into the category of dull writers, although his Mr. Pinkerton and Inspector Bull are built on the suave lines of the men's department illustrations to a stores catalogue. It is the business of Holmes and Dr. Watson to be stock figures. Even the plot of *The Body in Bedford Square* boils down to a hackneyed exploitation of the secret service and international complications. " France depends on you, monsieur," repeats the Commissioner of the Police quietly to old Inspector Bull at one magnificent moment. But Mr. Frome gets away with it by a gift for easy narrative, by not taking his own characters too seriously and by an eye for amusing situations. There is an ironical sketch of the Reading Room at the British Museum, where Mr. Pinkerton has his first *rencontre* with one of France's enemies in the lavatory. Who was responsible for the lady's body found in the fog outside the railings of Bedford Square is never thoroughly gone into. But there are many other misdeeds to clear up, and all the villains have to get their deserts, so that it is excusable in Mr. Frome to hurry to his grand finale, wherein Mr. Pinkerton gets kissed by the French Ambassador as a reward for his patriotic sufferings.

Can it be that the erstwhile admirers of Mr. Fortune are at last tiring of his " My-dear-chap,-oh !-my-dear-chap " approach to the problems his creator, Mr. H. C. Bailey, concocts for him? Such mass conversion to my personal distaste seems most unlikely. Nevertheless, there is no Mr. Fortune in *The Sullen Sky Mystery*, only a Mr. Clunk, a knowledgeable but cryptic old solicitor, whose verbal patter—perhaps owing to unfamiliarity—is rather less offensive. It is a problem in counterpoint rather than harmony that Mr. Clunk elucidates. The murder on a bathing beach of town councillor Layton under unpromising weather conditions is but a prelude to the cross-rhythms of municipal intrigue and jobbery. With a detective who discerns as much and reveals as little as Mr. Clunk, we cannot expect to catch the drift of his infallible reasoning as we go along, but must be content to applaud the dominant trait in his character, unswerving loyalty to the interests of a client.

Mrs. Mignon Eberhart and Miss Harriette Ashbrook both have reputations at stake when they bring out a new book. *The House on the Roof* holds its quota of excitement but does not reach the level of Mrs. Eberhart's best work, *Death in the Fog*. No one

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ROUTLEDGE—KEGAN PAUL

can beat Mrs. Eberhart at maintaining throughout a story a tense atmosphere in which anything may happen. But legitimate agitation verges on distraction when every single character is wrapped in a sinister haze to prevent us identifying the criminal. Thrills must have breathing-space or they become perfunctory. As a result of this confusion the problem of the shooting of an elderly opera singer in her Chicago penthouse in the actual presence of the heroine resolves itself into a mere chapter of accidents. Miss Ashbrook succeeds better because she does not attempt so much. Discarding the sentimentality, the philately lectures and the pseudo-Wodehouse fun in *A Most Immoral Murder*, there remain the ingredients of a sound, if far-fetched, murder plot. Spike Tracey is only one more of these maddening American wise-cracking sleuths, and we have tolerated so many we can surely stand another.

Homicide Haven and *The Hollow Man* are more manly, being devoid of love-interest. These indeed are the hard-bakes I recommend to connoisseurs with wisdom teeth. Amos Petrie, of course, will have his joke; and there are plenty of them and to spare in *Homicide Haven*. But Mr. Turner consoles us with a plot that gives real scope for deduction; and is all the more a test of readers' faculties because there is hardly a ghost of a red herring in the book. To cap our felicity there is even a clue. Mr. Dickson Carr is an accomplished hand with incredibilities and in *The Hollow Man* he sets out to beat his own record in that direction. We meet two familiar settings packed into one plot; one man is killed in a locked room and another in untrodden snow. To make things worse the last death is witnessed by a policeman and a couple of trustworthy passers-by. This is piling Pelion upon Ossa with a vengeance. Any reader who clings to his sanity will firmly expect to see the edifice either collapse under cross-examination or dissolve in illusion beneath the conjurer's wand. I warn everyone there is a Transylvanian ancestry behind these figures killed in Bloomsbury, and a strong smell of vampires on some of the pages. But I now come to the acme of *fantasia*: Mr. Dickson Carr has actually worked out a system by which these events are made possible—or at least Dr. Fell does so to the satisfaction of Scotland Yard, but I venture to think no one else will swallow the stuff. My effort to do so nearly made me sick, and I longed to be rescued by a nice homey vampire.

The lunatic asylum in *Murder in the Madhouse* appears more like the Athenaeum Club to us after our escape from Mr. Dickson Carr's clutches. Only two or three people get killed and even those are Americans and certified crazy, most of them. Maybe there is a killer going round, always a jump behind the key to a safe deposit box containing $800,000 (why not eight million, while we're about it?). A boyish American-style book without pretension. Whereas Miss Atwater's *Murder in Midsummer* is pretentious from cover to cover. The relations between step-father and step-daughter, between boy and girl ("Gosh! it's pretty tough, being young," says the boy) are so delicately etched in, the gruelling heat of the Middle West corn country is so conscientiously laboured that what plot there is can hardly poke its nose out; to save us trouble the criminal walks straight up the aisle; and yet no murder ever took place. Cock-eyed, isn't it?

The Curious Mr. Tarrant and *The Carrismore Ruby* are trifling collections of short detective stories. Mr. Daly King is happier with his full-length "Obelist" stories, where his capacity for pedantic expansiveness has greater scope. Short detective stories are nearly always better read in *The Strand Magazine* than in solider form; and Mr. J. S. Fletcher writes admirably for the simple-souls who peer hopefully about at railway bookstalls.

"Limey," the Englishman who joined the gangs, having exhausted his autobiography, has now written a novel of gangster life. *The Five Mutineers* follows the criminal careers of five inmates in a Californian gaol and winds up with a description of their frenzied attempt to break out of it. Though based on personal knowledge and supported by a newspaper description of a gaol-break, the story carries less conviction than if Edgar Wallace had dreamt it. As it stands it exploits neither the poignancy of true history nor the supple quality of real fiction.

Duncan Ross—Detective-Sergeant may provide more genuine amusement than any other book on this list, for anyone who has the courage to read it. The author has been medical officer of Durham Gaol for many years, and his work receives a kind foreword from Lord Justice Roche. We might be pardoned, therefore, for supposing that this association with police officers and criminals might bear original fruit. It does! On page 4 the detective-sergeant remarks to an unhappy girl on a bus:

"Well do I believe, Ellen, that you are not a criminal—you couldn't be that. All the same, I shall arrest you on suspicion of being about to commit a felony—suicide is self-murder, and that's a felony. Which is it to be, Ellen, arrest or my home to stay with my wife, your old schoolfellow, Amy Thrupp that was, and our little girl?"

For having achieved a blend between *Young England* and *Murder in the Red Barn* give this little Scotch boy a big hand.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

TWO SCOTTISH BOOKS

Scotland's Suppressed History. By M. E. M. DONALDSON. *Murray.* 7s. 6d.

The Scots Book. Compiled by RONALD MACDONALD DOUGLAS. *MacLehose.* 7s. 6d.

It is extremely difficult for an Englishman to comprehend Scottish history. Its course has run as unlike England's as might well be. English history, as we know it, is a tale of progressive success. Not unnaturally there has been misrepresentation in order to improve the tale: the Macaulay tradition prevails and, for example, James II is still delineated as a man of every possible vice, while his successful rival, William, is commonly accredited a host of virtues that the more composed historian would deny him. None the less, the tale of progress and right-triumphant has much to lend it conviction: and the Englishman is probably the last person to realise how strongly this affects his national life. Scottish history, on the other hand, is a tale of progressive failure. Whatever may be one's opinion of the value of nationhood, a failure is a failure, and Scotland, the independent nation, came to an ugly end, being sold into a humiliating union by an aristocratic government of almost incredible corruption. Equally, whereas in England the Reformation was well achieved and gave birth to a distinguished Church, in Scotland the Reformation was a bloody confusion, persisting for generations, and finally producing a Kirk that has had a barren record of thought and service. It is useless to search the Scottish Kirk for men such as Andrewes, or Donne, or for institutions such as the Probation Officer system: the very form of Calvinism precludes any such achievement. The Presbyterian may reply that the first task of a Church concerns the soul of the common man: but he has little to show of spiritual value in the gamut of secession churches, slovenly, bitter, truculently clinging to dogma, that best maintain the Calvin tradition; and the Established Church of Scotland is a pitiable shipwreck.

The note of success in Scottish history is only sounded, in a manner very suspect, by the nineteenth-century industrial era. And even here the success was more superficial than England's, and to-day the succeeding decay is ten times more serious: witness the declining population and steadily spreading unemployment which goes up even when England's achieves a temporary halt. Therefore it should be plain that the angle of approach taken by the majority of Scottish historians, namely, the identification of Scotland's history with England's, is entirely false. The state of affairs in the two countries has never been identical, and the respective creeds, of Calvinism and Episcopalianism, make a far more profound divergence of outlook than they are given credit for.

English school and popular histories commonly shock those who may lay claim to being historians: but they are sound when compared to the majority of Scottish histories. In *Scotland's Suppressed History* Miss Donaldson endeavours to deal with a regular source of fiction, namely, the Covenanting period. She is concerned with the oppression of the Scottish Episcopalians, and with the Covenanters' continual bloodthirsty persecution which was never equalled by any action of the Episcopalians in their intermittent periods of power. The intention is laudable: ignorant glorification of the Covenanters is one of our worst inflictions. It serves as inspiration for mob riots in Edinburgh and Glasgow to this day, and for many ministers it is a pillar of their Kirk, like their unsound claim to perpetuating the Celtic Church. Unfortunately, although she has herself escaped the letter of Calvinism, the author has retained much of the obsessed mentality that is essential to it. None can deny that Calvinism is a difficult creed from which to escape unscathed, but the value of *Scotland's Suppressed History* is minimised by Miss Donaldson's hysteria and wild bias. This is a pity, for her carefully marshalled evidence merits widespread consideration. One can only hope that her book will fall into the hands of those who have hitherto taken as impeccable the statements of the innumerable, even more blindly biased, apologists of the Covenant. But the Scottish

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Episcopalian Church deserves a better champion, and Presbyterianism requires a more analytical dissection.

The Scots Book is an anthology, to which Sir James Irvine contributes a little masterpiece of the fatuous foreword: a deft compilation of such meaningless patter as: "More than most countries, her (Scotland's) strength is derived from the roots of her past traditions and loyalties. . . ." From this the book makes some recovery with a number of worthwhile selections—although the sources drawn upon are extremely limited—and a cheerful conglomeration of small facts. It is a personal book and in no wise representative of anything except the editor's own taste, but it is a pity that he should have such a predilection for the tiny tartan bookies of clan-histories and war-cries. Mr. Douglas should know that historical accuracy is not a feature of these volumes, while they have not yet had the chance to acquire flavour as period pieces of the nineteenth century. Any effort at debunking Scotland of Scotchness is poorly served by the perpetuating of clan romanticism. None the less, Mr. Douglas is to be congratulated on the vitality and enthusiasm that light his book and make of it a contrast to many such collections. But it should be added that, despite all the disarming disclaimers in his preface, Mr. Douglas's readers may well be disappointed to find nothing of Boswell, nothing of Cockburn, and only a scrap of flashy bombast from a speech by Lord Belhaven on a topic that was the occasion for some of the finest speeches in the old Scottish Parliament, those of Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun.

George Scott Moncrieff

ADVENTURERS

Christopher Columbus. By H. H. Houben. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Mexican Adventure. By Daniel Dawson. *Bell.* 16*s.*

The scarcity of indisputable material relating to the life and character of Columbus has been a boon to writers. Scholars have dug out the facts and quarrelled for generations about them; novelists have filled the gaps with theories; and modern biographers have created a myth called the Columbus mystery and have taken their choice of all the new manners, from the coquettish irony of the twenties to frank and chatty family fiction with Christian names and dialogue. The Columbus problem, like the Cervantes and Shakespeare problems, is made for fervent simplifications. And so we have had Columbus the navigator, Columbus the tradesman, Columbus the mystic, the atheist, the scientist, the crank, the liar, the saint, the fraud, the German philosopher and the first (Roman Catholic) American. He has been called the thief of other men's ideas; and the marvellous thing is that nobody has tried to prove by anagrams that the discoverer of the new world was the Earl of Oxford in one of his many disguises.

A new German biography—Columbus has meant much to German wanderlust—fills one with apprehension. Mr. Houben's opening chapter is unpropitious:

> Three young lads, whose ages ranged from ten to fourteen years, sprawled lazily on a narrow strip of beach shelving down from Genoa's fortified wall, which met the sea with its grim rampart of stone.

This method of biography, by which the mysterious or unknown is turned into the gratuitous obvious, ought to have died of its own absurdities by now. And Mr. Houben comes presently to the same conclusion at the end of his first chapter. Thereafter, with rare lapses:

> What do I know? I can't make head or tail of him. He never says much. He has been reserved from his childhood . . .

—he writes conventional biography, free of theory and psychological speculation and with a proper regard for the best authorities. Why Columbus was what he was no one can say; we simply know that he behaved in the received manner of geniuses, criminals and lunatics; he lied about his origins, he lived under a sense of personal injustice, he was intensely preoccupied with one idea, he was reticent about himself, his simplicity was deceptive, he had great egotism, obstinacy and considerable resourcefulness as an actor, he was canny and a great coverer-up of his tracks. A more experienced tradesman than a navigator, a scornful half-baked visionary, he believed far more in the illusion that he had discovered the vicinity of China than in the fact of San Salvador. There is no quarrel with Mr. Houben on the facts, but what can have persuaded him that there was any need for another plain statement of the Columbus tale? Does that grotesque first chapter indicate some other ambition, dreadful but thwarted?

A minor boom is occurring also in the comi-tragedy of the Mexican adventure of Maximilian and Carlotta. Mr. Dawson's book, the second in the last six months, has preferred to dwell on the diplomatic side of the story, leaving the climax in Mexico to a brief epilogue. The British Government was willing to go debt collecting but it had no wish to interfere in Mexico's internal politics; nor was it moved by the whiskered and tail-coated romanticism which appears genuinely to have possessed Napoleon the Third. What Napoleon really thought he was doing and how he reconciled his behaviour with his conscience after he had sent the pathetic Maximilian to the firing squad and Carlotta to an asylum, nobody will know until the archives of the Second Empire are opened; but Mr. Dawson believes that the fanatical will of Eugenie and Carlotta, and romantic dreams about the new world, were as important in the plot as the greed of the Swiss bankers. Mr. Dawson, in confining himself to history as dictated to secretaries in Chancelleries, has stressed the bones and wires of the marionettes rather than their dress. This is an uncommon relief after so much picturesque history. Future biographers will thank him. But the story is too rich in clashes of character and ironies of circumstance to be dealt with by detective skill alone.

V. S. Pritchett

JOG ON, JOG ON THE FOOT-PATH WAY

The Note Books of a Woman Alone. Edited by M. G. Ostle. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Perilous Privilege. By Janet Fergus. *Peter Davies.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Out of the World. By Pamela Bourne. *Bles.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Life of an Artist. By Margaret Collyer. *Philip Allan.* 15*s.*

Bright Armour. By Monica Salmond. *Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A study of these five women has brought me to the conclusion that the gift most to be desired from a fairy godmother is cheerfulness. They all went through some pretty disagreeable experiences, but the two who were crushed or maimed by life were the two whom one can never imagine, in any circumstances, having a fit of the giggles.

The Note Books of a Woman Alone is an anthology made, we are told, by a certain Evelyn Wilson, a clerk in a registry office for governesses and nursery maids. The extracts are embedded in the moral reflections of Eve, and a few anecdotes of the unfortunate or disagreeable people she met at her work. These stories are the best things in the book. I should read with interest some more like the blood-curdling tale of Rachel, who was shut up in the feeble-minded division of a workhouse infirmary, and nearly driven to insanity, by a doctor who wished to have more patients this year than he had last. The quotations themselves are chiefly from modern writers, and would look better in a tear-off calendar. Taken in bulk they tend to be sentimental and platitudinous.

Perilous Privilege, by Janet Fergus, is called on the dust-cover, though not on the title-page, an autobiography. It reads like fiction based on a few memories, and is somehow unconvincing. Janet's mother was one of the most disagreeable women I have ever read about—rather like the mother in *Poil de Carotte*—and her father is as ineffective as his. Janet's sister Nell was better at managing this demon than Janet, but we are given to understand that this was owing to her mental and spiritual inferiority. One of Janet's troubles was concerned with a fur hat which was unlike that of her contemporaries and was stolen the first day she went to school in it. Many children of eight have suffered similar agonies, but most of them recover in time. Janet was not so resilient—or perhaps she would wish us to say, she was more sensitive.

> From this time there attacked her an antipathy to the wearing of new garments or anything which would be the cause of singling her out as being strange or unusual in the opinion of others. The antipathy remained with her all her life. It grew upon her, enlarged itself instead of diminishing, and, although she realised that a great deal of it resulted from her inability to cope with her view, she was unable to change.

It is perhaps needless to say that both these ladies had unfortunate love affairs.

It is a comfort to pass from the somewhat deplorable moans of Eve and Janet to the healthy reality of the remaining three books.

Miss Bourne is one of the half-dozen young women who have worked as a ship's boy on one of the ocean-going sailing ships that ply between Australia and Europe. Her first job was between Cape Town and Sydney on the Norwegian ship *Thermopylae*.

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BASIL BLACKWELL

One of the boys had gone sick, and when Miss Bourne offered to take his place :

"All right," said the mate, "but it is hard work. You'll have to be up at half-past five."

Neither this, nor painting the upper plates in the rigging, hanging on by one hand in a lively sea, daunted Miss Bourne, and when the trip was over she was so sad at leaving the ship that she shed tears while the bo's'n dried her eyes with a piece of cotton waste.

From Sydney she made a tour in the South Seas, this time as a passenger, visiting the Fijis, Tonga, Tahiti, Rarotonga, and finally New Zealand. Then she returned to Australia, signed on in the *Herzogin Cecilie*, and in her came back to England.

Miss Bourne writes easily and pleasantly, and has an alert eye for the picturesque and the humorous. As a sample, I quote a little adventure she had at Tahiti. She is spending the night on the verandah of a house on the shore :

> The amorous adventures of Tahiti are much bruited throughout the world—with some reason—but when I lay down on that divan I was far too exhausted with unpacking to think of them. The moon was blazing on the lagoon, and flooding part of the verandah, but I in my strip of darkness slept the sleep of the unromantic. For how long I do not know, but I was woken when it was still night by wet and hasty kisses whose donor took small account of the position of my features. I kept my eyes shut and tried to think. It was a new position for me. Another batch of kisses blotted out the possibility of doing anything but sitting up and objecting. I sat up, suddenly and sternly, prepared to use both fists and tongue.
>
> In the moonlight, smiling the smile of a happy discoverer, was a large yellow dog.

Miss Collyer's *Life of an Artist* gives the impression of a really delightful personality. Turned out of the house by her father, in the middle of the night, she started life in London as an art student with £50 of her own. Friends came to her help, but she was independent minded, and determined to stand on her own legs. The first half of the book tells of her struggles as an R.A. student, and as a painter of animals, also of the literary and artistic society of London in the 'nineties. In 1915, having achieved considerable success, she joined her sister who was farming in East Africa. The second half of the book contains an account of her life as a pioneer farmer. From the time she arrived in Africa she gave up her painting, and devoted herself to wresting an existence from the earth, living entirely alone with natives, hundreds of miles away from the nearest white neighbour, in a district where the soil is unsuitable for cereals, drought destroys cattle, and the farm is infested by lions, pythons and locusts.

I tremble to think of the Jeremiads that would have poured from the pens of Eve and Janet in these circumstances. Miss Collyer is made of other metal. She finds interest and amusement everywhere, and is too much absorbed in her work, whether it is a drawing "like the finest steel-engraving and all done with carbon point," or hunting eland for miles, her legs covered with veld-sores, to have time or energy for laments or sentiment.

Miss Collyer's passionate love of animals is the thread that runs right through the book, whether she is in England or Africa. In her youth she used to visit the country houses of strangers to paint portraits of hunters or dogs, and had many peculiar experiences in consequence. One of the most astonishing characters she describes is Mrs. B., who appeared at dinner in a green velvet coat and skirt, and white silk waistcoat, changing after dinner into the full dress of a Highlander and dancing Highland flings with the butler, also in Highland dress, for exactly an hour by the clock. This was only one of the lady's peculiarities.

Lady Salmond's book, *Bright Armour*, is an account of her work as a nurse during 1914–18, which will doubtless be of interest to other women who went through the same experiences. It is redolent of Mayfair.

M. C. Strachey

TAMING WILD BIRDS

Near Neighbours. By Margaret Holden. *Heath Cranton.* 6*s.*
Wild Life Studies. By Frances Pitt. *Nelson.* 3*s.* 6*d.*
Every Garden a Bird Sanctuary. By E. L. Turner. *Witherby.* 5*s.*

Each of these three books is written by a woman, and each describes patient and successful efforts to get into close contact with birds in a wild state. The approaches, however, are different. Mrs. Holden's interest in birds is personal and aesthetic, and her book, which has deservedly reached a second edition, is a chronicle of her own acquaintanceships with individual birds and bird lovers, enriched by the Bewickian flavour of Mr. Laurence Angus's woodcuts. Miss Pitt's series of essays describes at first-hand her recent observations not only of birds but of mammals, of which last she is one of the few active observers in this country. Miss Turner, still perhaps best known for her lonely spell of watching on Scolt Head Island in 1924, is mainly concerned here with the technique and problems of attracting, preserving and taming wild birds.

Of Miss Pitt's twenty studies just half are devoted to British wild mammals, and even to an ornithologist these chapters are perhaps the most interesting, because the creatures described are so elusive and little known. How many people could give a first-hand account of the habits of the dormouse or the harvest-mouse, or of the widespread badger? Miss Pitt herself writes :

> Though I have watched many times before a badger earth in the early morning, I have yet to see one return to the sett : however, I have seen them leave at night, though only after keeping many and many a fruitless watch.

Miss Pitt is an observer whose work is always both readable and worth reading : she rarely lays herself open to criticism, but few ornithologists will agree with her treatment of the titmice, in which she omits the willow-tit from her list of British species, and refers to it later in passing as if it were a doubtful variety. The willow-tit is, in fact, the same species as the well-known American chickadee, and it is really no more confusing to identify than say the marsh-warbler, the tree-pipit or even the carrion crow, which all closely resemble a better-known species except in voice and certain habits.

Miss Turner is delightfully candid and terse. "It is not your personal charm that acts as a magnet," she assures you, "but the knowledge that you are a potential food-supply." Not only does she give warning against trying to keep a cat where birds are being tamed ; she makes sure that there are no cats by keeping a couple of terriers about. She is not impressed by grandiose equipment : for bird-baths she recommends old dustbin lids turned upside down in suitable hollows in the ground, and she describes, with sketches, how nesting-boxes for all hole-breeding birds can be made out of hollow logs or otherwise without "disfiguring your garden with the awful atrocities made to resemble Swiss chalets." This is a practical and helpful little guide to anyone who wishes to encourage birds and to increase their numbers. The case quoted where "of forty boxes put up in a dark pine wood not one was used" shows that it is worth while to find out the right way to go about these things before starting. Many well-meaning people only begin to put up nesting boxes in April : as Miss Turner points out, January is the proper time if chances are not to be missed.

In her earlier chapters she shows the intricacy of the forces influencing bird population. Her arguments at some points are questionable : we may, for instance, regret the spread of conifers, but statistically conifers still cover less than a quarter of our woodland area in England and Wales, and although often dull, ornithologically they are by no means birdless. Again, the extent to which hedges have been cut down is surely overstated.

Mrs. Holden's book has already made its reputation : a hint of its humour and humanity may be conveyed by this tailpiece from a conversation which she records :

> When I was a youngster Squire used to have his friends here an' I used to hear them talkin' about the zcenery. Now I had never seen no zcenery here, but when I went to London once, my word ! I knew what they meant by zcenery.

E. M. Nicholson

SHORTER NOTICE

More Lovely Food. By Ruth Lowinsky. Illustrated by Thomas Lowinsky. *Nonesuch Press.* 6*s.*

This is a sequel to one of the best modern cook-books. Delicate drawings of table decorations prove Mr. Lowinsky's inventiveness, while Mrs. Lowinsky prepares her menus with some uncommonly good jokes. About guests of one sort she writes, for instance : "They do not possess that nameless thing called charm, as an old lady once said to me." *More Lovely Food* contains recipes eminently suitable to modest homes, but on the whole its appeal is to those who can afford luxurious food. The picnic suggestions would alter any reasonable person's view of picnics. As examples of the dishes suggested, there are herring-roe soufflés, black coffee jelly, spinach omelette with cheese sauce, selle d'agneau en délice, carpet bag Colchester (in which oysters are sewn into a steak), and a method of basting duck with Burgundy in the butter. There is a useful hint on how to prepare tinned asparagus. This is definitely a book to give to such of one's richest friends as ever ask one to dinner.

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A History of the Russian Revolution. By W. H. CHAMBERLIN. *Macmillan.* 2 Vols. £2 2s.

I Write as I Please. By WALTER DURANTY. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Chamberlin's book is an important addition to the still inadequate literature of the Russian Revolution. It is a straightforward narrative of events, done as chronicle rather than explanation, from the outbreak to the end of the civil wars. It lacks, of course, the fire and audacity of Trotsky's superb account; no revolution of the past has had a survey so remarkable from one of its supreme actors. But Mr. Chamberlin has read widely in the sources; he has evaded the temptation to analyse the events he records from the angle of a philosophy; and he has refused to succumb to the new history which party necessity is now producing in Russia. The result is a book which not even a pedestrian style can keep from excitement. It will be many years before a foreigner produces a history of equal scope and value.

On the events from February to November 1917, Mr. Chamberlin has nothing new of significance to contribute. With him, as with all narrators who strive for equity, Lenin's immense proportions dwarf the stature of all rival figures; Trotsky is the great practical figure of the Revolution, orator, tactician, incarnation of energy; and the fruit fell into the lap of the Bolshevik party because it alone saw the situation with any pretence to realism. The poverty of its rivals is the more astounding, the more fully it is revealed. Not all Miluikov's great ability compensated for the fact that he already belonged to a dead epoch when he became a minister. Kerensky was never more than a cheap rhetorician; the Mensheviks lacked both the realism and the audacity of their rivals; the Social Revolutionaries had an ideal but not a programme. Lenin only saw with crystal-clearness that the moment had come and that it was his moment. Like Luther at the Diet of Worms, he used a supreme occasion in a supreme way.

After November, Mr. Chamberlin's narrative becomes more important because he has written the first full account in English of the civil war period. He makes it clear that, with all the heroic qualities displayed by the Bolsheviks, they survived less because of these than because there was never opposed to them an army fit to conquer Russia. The counter-revolutionaries were either men devoid of character and ability or men who, if honest reactionaries, were surrounded by officers and civilians for whom, broadly, nothing can be said. To re-read the history of these years is to live again through an epic period. The building of the Soviet army, the winning of order from chaos in administration, the power to learn from mistakes so great that it is difficult to believe they could have been overcome, these are the great principles round which Mr. Chamberlin has constructed his record. There is in it lesson after lesson for ourselves—the emergence of new men in a revolutionary epoch, the significance of revolutionary exhilaration, the power of a faith to conquer opponents without a dream to inspire them, the importance of Marx's thesis that the offensive is the life of a revolution. Throughout his volumes, Lenin emerges as, unexceptionally, the supreme figure of our time. Beside him, all the leaders of other peoples appear pigmies indeed.

Mr. Duranty's reputation, as one of the leading special correspondents of the world, will be enhanced by this book even though it is less a coherent narrative than what may perhaps be termed inspired anecdotage. From the wealth of his experiences in the last twenty years, he has given us a series of remarkable incidents which illuminate the scene he surveys; it is safe to say that many of them will figure in the footnotes of historians for years to come. His pages are always exciting, often amusing, and never insignificant.

The most important part of the book is the long account of the rivalry of Trotsky and Stalin with its emphasis, novel to at least one reader, that a main factor in Trotsky's defeat was his failure to attend the funeral of Lenin—a fact which, in Mr. Duranty's view, did him immense harm with the masses in Soviet Russia. Mr. Duranty examines with care Trotsky's own explanation of this failure—ill-health and the accident of a delayed telegram—and rejects it as inadequate. An outsider can hardly judge, much less contradict, this view, since Mr. Duranty is writing of events which he saw as nearly from the inside as any foreigner is likely to see them. But the opinion may be hazarded that this was the occasion, rather than the cause, of Trotsky's defeat. Its real root surely lay in his genius for making enemies by his unending insistence on his superiority to all rivals, and his underestimate of Stalin. The latter, with nothing like Trotsky's genius, had a grasp of party technique, an ability to take the long view, a patience in organisation, and an ability to manipulate men, which gave him tactical advantages he seized with an ability that left his rival helpless before him. This is only one of many aspects of the Soviet scene in which Mr. Duranty uses his unrivalled knowledge to provoke eager analysis of its problems. No one will put his book down who has once begun it; every sentence in it has been passionately lived.

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New Armour for Old. By W. J. O'SULLIVAN MOLONEY. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

North to the Orient. By ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH. *Chatto and Windus.* 10s. 6d.

Heavenly Hell. By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN. *Putnam.* 10s. 6d.

Soldier in the Sun. By CAPT. S. E. G. PONDER. *Stanley Paul.* 16s.

I once heard an American, who fancied himself as an amateur psychiatrist, make a sweeping statement to the effect that the best autobiographies were invariably written by neurotics. When challenged to give instances he cited Rousseau and Marie Bashkirtseff, half-heartedly adding Cellini and Casanova, whom, with a cheerful disregard for the relativity of moral standards, he labelled as moral imbeciles suffering from "constitutional psychopathic inferiority." It sounds absurd, but at the same time it is easy to imagine how the neurotic, suffering from a general sense of isolation, is seized with a strong desire to communicate his personality by writing about himself. It is reasonable, and I hope not rude, to class Mr. Moloney, who has written an exceptionally interesting autobiography, as a neurotic, or rather an ex-neurotic, for his book begins when he is about to enter a mental hospital in Switzerland and ends when he is about to leave it recovered.

He was suffering from anxiety and depression and too much drinking in the attempt to escape from his terrors. He makes

constant references to his mental state and describes it with peculiar and sometimes almost alarming intensity. He provides a rich background of adventurous experiences, and has a passionately romantic and mystical temperament which makes a strong if not very definite impression on the reader. He writes vigorously and vividly in an odd, rather pompous and somewhat Victorian style which is curiously effective, and at times imparts a feverish nightmare sensation reminiscent of Poe.

The opening chapters deal with his arrival and reception at Garramont, the mental hospital. At first he is terrified, but gradually he feels more secure, and from his conversations with the doctors fragments of autobiography emerge—four years a prisoner in Germany; Oxford after the war; travels in Morocco at the time of the ill-fated Spanish expedition; Poland after the defeat of the Bolsheviks; work for the League of Nations; two marriages; and the final collapse which brought him to Garramont. One night he lies awake and his thoughts run back in a stream of recollection, beginning with Oxford, where he went almost as soon as he landed in England after the war, looking for a refuge after the misery and discomfort of Ruhleben. He was in just the mood to become romantically intoxicated with Oxford, and he writes about it, though with obviously genuine feeling, in a manner that recalls the 'nineties. He read Oriental languages and luxuriated in an atmosphere that was as remote from post-war Europe as his phantasy could make it.

But even in Oxford he still suffered from attacks of panic anxiety. He went to Morocco, attracted, as he freely confesses, by romantic glamour, crowded a number of adventures into a few months, returned to England, and set off again for Poland to work for the famine relief organisation. He witnessed the chaotic horrors of the tail-end of the war with the Bolsheviks and settled for a fantastic stay in Warsaw. Here he fell for an even more sinister form of romantic glamour—the White Russian. Peace had been signed with the Bolsheviks, but Warsaw was teeming with discontented White officers. Mr. Molony got involved in their intrigues, let Count Mouravief-Amorusky hide from the Polish police in his room in the Bristol Hotel, and himself conceived the idea of a monarchist organisation which was to regenerate Europe. When Mouravief-Amorusky was arrested he negotiated for his release and went with him to Budapest.

The monarchist organisation fizzled out and he came back to England to work for the League. The rest of the book is mainly taken up with the detailed story of his breakdown and recovery, one of the outstanding symptoms of which was the experiencing of "such a degree of inner calm that my personal interests could quite easily withdraw into the background, leaving me free to co-operate whole-heartedly with others." It is impossible not to be deeply impressed by his courage in refusing to give way to his anxiety.

North to the Orient is Mrs. Lindbergh's account of the flight which she and her husband made in 1931 from Washington to Hankow by the Grand Circle Route—Ottawa, Churchill, Aklarik, Banow, to Nowe in Alaska and across the sea to Karajinski, on over Petropavlovsk and Ketoi to Japan and China. She writes very well indeed, easily and straightforwardly, without any fuss or coyness. It must be exceedingly difficult to convey any adequate impression of places on which you descend from the sky and in which you stay no more than a night, and hers is one of the few books I have read which communicate a definite sensation of flight.

Mr. Sheridan's title suggests an extreme form of masochism. His *Heavenly Hell* was a four-masted sailing grain carrier in which he worked his passage from London round the Cape of Good Hope to South Australia and back. He served as apprentice in a mixed crew of young Finns, Swedes, and Germans, and I should imagine his book would teach any but the toughest of romantic toughs to leave sailing ships alone. The discomfort which he describes was so appalling that it is almost agonising to read about. A great deal of his time he spent up to his knees in bilge water chipping away at rust; he never seemed to be allowed to sleep for more than three hours at a stretch; yet when he landed back in London he nearly wept to think it was all over, and that he had to part from the rest of the crew, with whom during most of the voyage he had been on somewhat strained terms. He writes rather awkwardly but very vividly; his character sketches of the crew have a good deal of vitality, and his account of the tremendous bout of drunkenness in which this savage, brutalised, floating preparatory school indulged on landing in Australia has a morbid fascination.

There is a rather endearing naivety about the stilted sentences in which Captain Ponder recounts his military and social reminiscences. He seems to rejoice in a kind of author's amateur status, yet there are times when the realisation that he is writing a book fills him with confusion like a young girl at her first ball. Stories about Generals playing bridge, officers' wives quarrelling at dances, fun in the native Turkish baths, snakes on the ninth green—it is all curiously readable, and would, I think, be almost impossible to parody. Captain Ponder should develop into a first-rate colonel.

MAURICE L. RICHARDSON

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Oppressed by the difficulty of choosing from the embarrassment of riches which Lord Russell's matter offers for the enjoyment of delighted commentary, I propose first, to say something about his manner. Lord Russell, as everybody knows, is an extremely witty writer. His wit is, however, peculiar in being due less to the appositeness of verbal connections than to the logical drive of his thought seeking expression. Thus: "There are men who, through ownership of land, are able to make others pay for the privilege of being allowed to exist and to work." "The Treaty of Versailles was not very encouraging to those who had the luck not to be killed in defending the ideals which their rulers betrayed." Similar remarks occur on every page; a line of thought is followed to its logical conclusion and the result, the world being as it is, affords a wry amusement. Lord Russell's manner of writing more closely resembles the style of the eighteenth century than that of any other writer. As in Hume and Gibbon, the mildness of the manner is in inverse proportion to the pungency of the sense. Lord Russell writes with a velvet pen. It is only at the close of the unemphatic paragraphs that the claws appear and some touch of cat-like malice enchants or scarifies the reader. Thus: "Professor Fritz Haber who has just died invented a process for the fixation of nitrogen. He intended it to increase the fertility of the soil, but the German Government used it for the manufacture of high explosives, and has recently exiled him for preferring manure to bombs."

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Of these quotations the first is from Gibbon, the second and third from Russell.

But if the manner is that of Hume and Gibbon, the attitude is that of Voltaire. Intolerance, cant, hypocrisy, stupidity—to Russell, as to Voltaire, these things are intolerable; above all stupidity. That the actions of most men when they act as individuals are pointless when they are not harmful, and when they act in organisations and communities almost always harmful; that their desires are other than they profess and that their conduct leads to results other than they desire; that the truth of their beliefs is in inverse ratio to the fervour with which they hold them, and that, where the truth is unknown, they supply the place of knowledge by converting their conjectures into dogmas: these things and many more of like character most of us know, and by dint of long familiarity have come to take for granted.

Not so Lord Russell. He was, it is obvious, born with an intellectual skin too few, so that anomalies and absurdities to which our coarser hides have grown callous have him perpetually on the raw. Not for a moment can he take *homo sapiens*, his cruelties and his follies, for granted. In this new volume of Essays he writes on a variety of subjects—of Idleness, of Useless Knowledge, of the Ancestry of Fascism, of the Case for Socialism, of Youthful Cynicism, of the Need for Stoicism, of Men and Insects; but, whatever the subject, their burden is always the same—human stupidity. Here is a world in which, thanks to the bounty of science, we could all be happy and leisured; but we are not. Why not? Because we are too stupid to use the good gifts with which science has endowed us. Why will human beings be so foolish? Lord Russell can neither understand nor forgive.

Like Pareto, Lord Russell exhibits human behaviour for our inspection with an air of scientific detachment. 'Here,' he seems to say, 'are the facts; this is what human beings are like. Judge, if judge you must, for yourselves.' In fact, however, the air of objectivity is delusive. Judgment is implicit in every line, and almost always it is adverse. Lord Russell remarks in one of the Essays that "most artists nowadays appear to be inspired by some kind of rage against the world so that they wish rather to give significant pain than to afford serene satisfaction." The remark describes with great exactitude the mood of its writer. It is the more unfortunate that those to whom his scarifying bitterness, his entirely justifiable bitterness—the contemporary world deserves all, and more than all, that he says of it—would give pain will fail to read him, while his readers will only derive satisfaction from finding their own impotent indignation so admirably expressed. For the powerless intelligentsia of this country the book will indeed be a source of infinite gratification, and they should derive a sensible relief from this vicarious letting-off of superfluous spleen.

Lord Russell's own creed, so far as it finds expression in this book, appears to be that of an eighteenth century rationalist. Kindliness and tolerance are the great virtues: live and let live the only possible rule of conduct: the provision of comfortable leisure for individuals the object of politics: the knowledge of how rightly to employ it the end of ethics. Possibly! But, admiring them as ends, Lord Russell seems to have a poor opinion of these things as means. Never have I known tolerance advocated with such venom, or good nature praised so bitterly. This is not intended as a criticism of Lord Russell; as I once heard him justly remark: "You do not expect a geometrician to look like a triangle." But it must be taken to imply a doubt as to the efficacy of his method as a mode of conversion. Continuously to call a man a fool is not to cause him to cease to be one, and the only people who are likely to derive profit from this immensely diverting book by one of the wittiest writers of our time are those whose pretensions to good sense are already unassailable! The book is, however, far from being entirely devoted to satire, and the gibes of the exasperated observer are replaced on occasion by the profound eloquence of the philosopher and the analyses of the most lucid expositor of our day.

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ment against sanctions is familiar: more revealing in its deadly detail is her intimate experience on two occasions of the League's working as a member of the British Delegation at the Assembly. There is much beside these chapters of recent history to interest the reader—admiring portraits of E. D. Morel, Jane Addams and, oddly enough, Oscar Wilde, reflections of a society that included many of the most attractive figures of her day, the record of a gallant life of incessant struggle. But the chief interest of the book lies in the question that is never posed directly. What future faces the liberal, rational and humane ideal that this woman incarnated as nobly and fully as any of her contemporaries?

The second of these women's biographies starts, as it were, where the other ends. The two personalities are sharply contrasted. Anna Louise Strong came of a pioneer family of the Middle West. She reveals no aesthetic interests whatever. She seems when one places her beside her European senior amusingly simple and direct, but she, too, has courage and a restless energy. She belongs, as she tells us, to a motor-minded age: she thinks only in action. Of her personal life, save in her girlhood, she tells us little, but we make with her the pilgrimage from the Liberal, Christian fireside of a Nebraskan parsonage to Moscow. She records the rapid process of disillusion, as she turned from standardised professional philanthropy to an experience of labour struggles and a general strike in war-time at Seattle. Russia beckoned her, and a close association of thirteen years began with work among the Quakers to relieve the Volga famine. She is not yet, as the book closes, a Communist Party member, nor does she even at the end show any familiarity with Marxist theory. None the less, this revolution absorbed her, and drove her on from one form of service to another, until finally, after many tribulations, she is happy on the staff of the *Moscow Daily News*. The bulk of the book consists of impressions of Russian energy and courage, rendered with the skill of an expert, descriptive journalist. Often the inefficiency of the early days is admitted and occasionally the ruthlessness. What is so well described is, however, in the main, a struggle with material things, and a victory over traditional fecklessness and neglect. Of the inner life and structure of this new society, we gather little from this vivid picture of externals. True, however, to her habit of thinking in action, the author does at last draw her moral from her experience of working with and under Communists on a daily paper. Given a common objective, the art of Soviet democracy is, she tells us, to analyse out, to make explicit, the latent will of the masses. In practice she found in this association of comrades for a common social end, freedom and a certain liberation of her own will. The moral is suggestive and promising, but it is phrased in language so emotional that it fails for the sophisticated European reader to carry its full weight.

H. N. BRAILSFORD

NON-VIOLENCE

We Say "No." By H. R. L. SHEPPARD. *Murray.* 3s. 6d.
Must War Come? By JOHN EPPSTEIN. *Burns Oates.* 3s. 6d.
The Power of Non-Violence. By RICHARD B. GREGG. *Routledge.* 10s. 6d.

About six months ago Dick Sheppard published a letter in a number of newspapers inviting men to sign a declaration that they would never, directly or indirectly, "support or sanction" another war. The response was unexpectedly big. About 50,000 declarations reached him and there can be no doubt that an active campaign backed with money (and perhaps by Mr. Lansbury) would lead to the formation of a peace army which, on a clear issue, might prove a really valuable barrier to war. The present situation is obscured by the controversy about whether sanctions are a way of keeping peace or of making war. In *We Say "No,"* Dick Sheppard takes Mr. Lansbury's view of the situation, holding that economic sanctions are likely to lead to war and are not comparable with internal police action—a use of force that he accepts. But his book is not mainly concerned with the present crisis: it is an affirmation of the Christian pacifist's point of view. Christ held that evil was to be overcome by good, not by force; war is not merely the sum of horrors, but also the sum of wickedness, and no cause, however apparently good, can justify means which involve the negation of all Christian values. This, I think, is Dick Sheppard's real case. By quoting the Old Testament commandment "Thou shalt not kill," while approving police action behind which military force always lies, he introduces a complication and illogicality which he could easily have avoided

I do not believe that anyone can honestly read the Sermon on the Mount without coming to the conclusion that war is always and everywhere incompatible with Christianity. What is the use of talking about loving your enemies in time of peace if you are ready to kill them the moment they attack you or your friends? The point of Christian ethics is that you do not forcibly resist the wrong-doer, believing that it is better to suffer than to do evil yourself and that the only true victory is to persuade your enemy of his fault. But the Church is a political as well as a religious organisation, and it has always found excuses for abandoning its own ethics at the moment when they are most applicable. In his useful little study of the attitude of the Catholic Church to war Mr. Eppstein shows that the Papacy has frequently made Christian pronouncements about war and has on occasions worked for peace; that Popes have at times acted as arbitrators and often attempted, as in the last war, to intervene between warring nations. But it would not be difficult to collect a damning list of excuses for war invented by the Papacy and it is clear enough that the historical rôle of the organised Churches has been as much that of the recruiting sergeant as that of the peace-maker. By finding justifications for war when it starts, the Churches have destroyed their moral authority when they wished to recall men to sanity.

If Dick Sheppard is right, as I think he is, that Christianity condemns all war or participation in war, it also follows in a world of armed States that it is impossible for the Christian to be a politician or to hold any position of public responsibility under the State. For in the modern State, public responsibility implies a readiness in certain circumstances to use the military forces of the Crown. The Quakers have exerted immense influence on English public life; by their technique of non-resistance they played an important part in securing liberty of thought and religion, and their constructive peace activities have earned them a respect accorded to no other body of professing Christians. But as John Bright found when he resigned from a Cabinet which decided to bombard Alexandria, Quakerism is not compatible with Cabinet office. Mr. Lansbury finds himself in exactly the same dilemma. As a Minister of the Crown and as the Leader of the Opposition, he has necessarily sponsored policies which involve, in the last resort, a readiness to use military force if they are to be carried through. That is the inescapable implication of public office, and the out-and-out pacifist must face the logic of his philosophy. If he is determined to follow his conscience and never to compromise, he cannot play anything but a free-lance part in politics which are ruled by compromise and decided by party majorities. He can agitate and organise; he cannot belong to a party which hopes to rule.

Mr. Gregg's interesting study of the philosophy of non-violence is, as far as I know, the first serious examination in this country of the possible use of mass non-resistance as a political weapon. He writes as a student of Mr. Gandhi's tactics which he has seen at work in India, and he has accumulated a considerable amount of psychological and biological evidence in support of his theory that organised non-violence may be a very effective political technique. Any agent of the British Government in India would support his view that the British find force a much less formidable weapon than Gandhi-ism. Europe supplies very few cases of mass non-violence for Mr. Gregg to examine, though the recent strike of Hungarian miners who refused to come up from the mine until their wage demands were conceded, comes within his definition. Mr. Gregg urges that such tactics may have a far-reaching effect on public opinion and that where they are successful their result is of a far more permanent character than the effect of a victory gained by force. For a victory for non-violence, as advocated by Gandhi, means a courageous and immovable insistence on the rightness of one's case combined with a full admission of all that can truly be said for the other side; success gained by these means leaves little bitterness behind it and does not sow the seed of future strife. It must be emphasised that Mr. Gregg is discussing real resistance, not soft compliance. Non-violence is a moral, as opposed to an immoral, method of fighting; and it makes even greater demands on the discipline and courage of those who use it. He points out that even where it fails it probably involves less suffering and less damage than violent measures. He does not need to establish that it always or even usually succeeds. It would not have succeeded against Attila or Genghis Khan—but then force did not either. To-day it is at least arguable that organised non-violent resistance offers the best chance available to unarmed groups who wish to withstand the overwhelming force of the modern State machine. But how far, one wonders, would it

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THE BODLEY HEAD

be possible, in view of our traditions in the West, to persuade any large body of men and women to look to this difficult technique of internal discipline for satisfaction of their combative instincts? A second question which Mr. Gregg does not answer is how the non-violent method, which might clearly in some circumstances be used to defeat an attack on liberty or to prevent a war, could turn a temporary victory to constructive ends. For after success its leaders could only assume authority if they were prepared to control and use the forces of organised Government.

Mr. Gregg's suggestive book opens up many avenues for further research. The conviction that it leaves on my mind is that here is a weapon of great potential power which has been neglected in the West. It is the logical weapon of Christianity and it cannot be used in a half-and-half manner. For the essence of non-violence is that those who possess force will not in any circumstances use it; a "peaceful" strike such as we are familiar with in the West is seldom an example of non-violence in Gandhi's sense, because everyone knows that, in certain circumstances, the strikers would resort to violence if they had the power. The truth is that the Christian method has never been tried and that we do not know what its potentialities are. KINGSLEY MARTIN

NEW NOVELS

Hungry Men. By EDWARD ANDERSON. *Heinemann.* 7s. 6d.

Conveyor. By JAMES STEELE. *Lawrence.* 7s. 6d.

Act of Darkness. By JOHN PEALE BISHOP. *Cape,* 7s. 6d.

The Royal Way. By ANDRÉ MALRAUX. Translated by STUART GILBERT. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

Flower Pot End. By R. H. MOTTRAM. *Murray.* 7s. 6d.

Events in the Early Life of Anthony Price. By PHILIP HENDERSON. *Boriswood.* 6s.

America goes on exporting readable novels. Many of them have any amount of faults—it is a matter of temperament whether these put you off or not—they are boisterous, unripe inside, slick in manner or sentimentally naive. But they are about *something;* they get you somewhere; they move. The camera work is so often excellent. They may irritate but they seldom bore. It is true that the American literary novel—wads of prose about high class people's feelings—is often very dreary indeed: emasculate, consciously rarefied. *Act of Darkness,* the third novel on this list, at its worst comes dangerously near this, but it saves itself: there are excellent passages; its author's gusto outweighs his love of distinction. The first two are better: they have no cooked-up emotion. They ignore personality, with its inside hangovers. People getting about so fast, in order to live, that they have no time to annotate regrets or keep on tapping emotions to see if they ring true are a relief to be with sometimes. Century consciousness stamps these American books: this is an American century, why baulk at it? These people are assimilating what happens. They have learnt to maintain themselves, by a quick constant action of the nerves, in what we still find an unfriendly element. American novels are hardly ever nostalgic (for nostalgia see Mr. Mottram, below). What they regret they exploit: the Old Kentucky Home has made Broadway.

Hungry Men is a picaresque novel about tramps—bums, hoboes. The hunger in it is hunger, nothing to do with the soul; not a character knows, throughout, where he will eat next. The men are not born vagrants but that shifting workless mass, dislodged by the slump and with no future, ranging the States in freight trucks or hitch hiking on State roads from city to city, picking up what they can. The book, which is not pathetic, is excellently written. Acel Stecker, the hero, began in a band and wants to get back into one, but is willing to try anything. Things he successively wants and has not got—a meal, a girl, cigarettes, a razor blade, his own length to stretch on on any floor—assume a large importance, magnified by desire. What he does get—the new suit, bought with his pay as steward's mate on a ferry, Corrinne, the black-and-white Oxfords—sees him a long way. Largely, I think, because of its matter-of-factness and gusto, this book is hard to discuss at all relevantly, and I have not room to quote here. It certainly should be read. It has no philosophy.

Conveyor is called a proletarian novel. It is an angry book: a picture of a speed-up in a leading Detroit motor works. The conditions shown are quite ghastly, like the beginning of a Russian film; but, oddly, the book has no political bias. The people in it have no time to be characters; they either enjoy or suffer. Jim Brogan starts with a pretty bungalow near the edge of the city, a desirable young wife and a satisfactory child. The three are on very good terms. "The roses round the door make me love mother more"—there is no doubt that the amenities promote the affections. The Brogans end in a tenement, on squalid terms with each other, mutually hostile and suspicious. The book is not about personal relations—most of what happens happens inside a factory or in the all-night queues of workless men—but in a general picture of defeat and deterioration the family life of the Brogans plays its part. Jim Brogan would hate Moscow, his outlook is quite bourgeois: he loves possessions and only wants a fair deal. The disintegration of his pride in himself is frightening. *Conveyor* is not enjoyable, but it should not be missed.

Act of Darkness has a Virginian setting. The combination of lust and rotting Colonial elegance is Faulkneresque, though Mr. Peale Bishop adds ideas of his own. The fifteen-year-old narrator's uncle Charlie is tried for rape on the accusation of the daughter of another county family, who would rather see him hang than admit that she was seduced. His trial, at which the nephew is, most unsuitably, present, takes up too great a part of the book: I think myself, aesthetically speaking, that some of the evidence might have been summarised. Personally, I can never resist the charm of a Virginian background, though we are given so much of it: red woods, shady sidewalks, cold eighteenth century churches, tarnished drawing rooms, county family feeling—which seems still crazier here than it does anywhere else. Grandfather, the old Southern gentleman, never drinks before nine at night, then he drinks. "Whisky makes life supportable, even if it doesn't make it intelligible. Where's that nigger?" The doomed uncle, Charlie, his wife Caroline and their house, which is her house, are very good, too. Ardista, the poor white girl, is Little Emily to the young narrator's David, but Charlie, on his way to the major catastrophe, does for Ardista too: his last victim, and his undoer, is an intellectual spinster friend of his wife's whom he had always disliked, so he does not know what came over him. Rape in Virginia, even if you are white, is apparently a capital offence, which heightens the interest. The early part of the book is over-written and heavy, but the story speeds up as it goes along.

BEDTIME STORY

The desire to sleep is perfectly normal providing it keeps in time with the clock. But how alarming, at three in the afternoon, to find the head nodding ominously during some momentous business conference. And how equally disturbing to lie in bed at night listening to the grandfather clock in the hall chiming the merciless hours.

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The Royal Way has been excellently translated by Mr. Stuart Gilbert, but should be read in French: a haze of oddness hangs over English words in their Malraux contexts. Two men, Vannec and Perkin, follow the overgrown "royal way" through the Siamese jungle to discover temples, hoping to bring back carvings. This is the plot: the subjects are, chiefly, death and eroticism. Parts of the book are like a Conrad novel written by Dostoievsky. The descriptions are magnificent and terrible. This is the only important book on the list to-day: it stands half-way down because it cannot be classified. Why should it take a Frenchman to be adult?

The two English books that follow are very thin. I cannot see why Mr. Mottram wrote *Flower Pot End*, a nostalgic novel about an unselfish clergyman in a rectory overlooking a quaint slum, his renegade brother, his faithful-hearted housekeeper Rose, who loves the renegade brother, and her niece Patsy, a fresh girl. There is not even much documentary interest, though slum clearance does come in. I suppose the town must be Norwich. This is one of those reputable novels that pad publishers' lists. But surely Mr. Mottram should have done better?

And surely Mr. Henderson should have restrained himself from publishing *Events in the Early Life of Anthony Price*? I can see that he may have felt it needed writing; it may even have done him good to write—in which case, of course, he was justified in doing so. But surely he should have kept it to show to friends? The writing is good enough to make one feel he may write a much better book, in which case he will regret this one. Of the reality of the experience in it there is no doubt, but experience, to have any value outside oneself, needs to be related to something more than a personal sense of grievance. Let Mr. Henderson read *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* again: it seems quite clear that he has read it once.

ELIZABETH BOWEN

SAINT JOAN OF FRANCE

Joan of Arc. By MILTON WALDMAN. *Longmans.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Of all the problems of history the most fascinating are the completely insoluble, and among these must rank the story of Joan of Arc. That coming when she did and being what she was she should have done what she did was logically inevitable. But how did she know it? What strange accident or benign Providence sent her to the Dauphin just when England's supremacy in France was already on the wane, when Burgundy was growing tired of his English alliance, and when, what is too often forgotten, the Dauphin had succeeded, with the aid of men like Jacques Coeur, in establishing in the provinces that were still his own a fairly well organised and increasingly loyal kingdom? Had she come earlier, while Henry V was alive and Burgundy his friend, she must have failed and disappeared, as unimportant as the shepherd-boy they found afterwards to take her place. Had she come later she would in all probability have been little more than "in at the death"; France's agony would have been prolonged by who knows how many years, and the final glory would have gone to Burgundy or Richemont, or to the slow and tortuous diplomacy of Charles. But she came just after the Duke of Gloucester's adventure in Holland had antagonised Burgundy, when civil strife and discontent at home were making it increasingly difficult for Bedford to ship forces over to France, when the great French vassals were neutral or, like Burgundy, wavering in their allegiance to England, and when more and more of the ordinary French were looking to Bourges for action, the one thing of which Charles VII was not capable and Joan was. Can the knowledge, the hopes, and the suffering of a people crystallise themselves into one person, through whom they can become positive and constructive?

Her faith in her mission and her ability to accomplish it can be explained in part, but only in part, by two things: her sex and the place of her birth. Domrémy was an isolated and remote fraction of Charles's domain, too far away from Bourges to be affected by the apathy or despair of the court, surrounded on all sides by enemies. And just as in the Highlands loyalty to and faith in the Stuart cause survived far longer than in England, so it is possible that in Domrémy the loyalists instilled into Joan their adoration for the so unadorable Charles, their mystic faith in the invincibility of his cause. Then, because she was a woman and had taken no part in war or public life, she had not grown up hedged around with prejudices of behaviour and blind obedience to precedent. Wars always tend to fall into a rigid pattern, and the war in France had gone on so long that it had become positively

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The author of *The Power and Secrets of the Jesuits* gives a new interpretation of history, which he sees as a succession of mass-movements inspired by the wish-dreams of outstanding individuals. The unique illustrations include bizarre works by Dürer and other artists, and record the imaginative flights of the human mind. (*Ready.*)

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HARRAP

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stereotyped. Battles were fought after a definite formula, and if your opponents were the English it was part of the formula that you should be defeated. Accordingly, in France as in Italy, war had become a game in which the armies sedulously avoided one another, and kept up an appearance of activity by burning cities, killing and robbing peasants, destroying harvests and carrying off live-stock. A very profitable business for the soldiers, but ruinous for the country, and doubly ruinous to the French, because it was their own country they were harrying.

Joan, whether she was prompted by common sense or her experience as a peasant's daughter, saw at once that this was a silly and unprofitable way of making war. She said, we must strike the enemy and win: she did so, and it was called a miracle. But she could not have done it had not the English cause been by that time like an over-ripe pear, just waiting for the hand that would shake the tree. When the pear had fallen she was pushed aside, while the experts squabbled over the proper precedent and formula for eating it. But so decisive was the blow she had struck, so completely had she opened the eyes of France to the fact that the English were neither invincible nor inevitable, that twenty years after her capture at Compiègne even Normandy was French.

Every detail in the story of Joan is, in fact, perfectly logical, perfectly inevitable, once one has accepted the first mystery: how and why was she ever there at all? So logical that writer after writer has felt it must be possible, by a close and unbiased examination of the facts, to wipe away the mystery. None has succeeded. Neither has Mr. Waldman, though he has told her story well, with sympathy and sincerity and so much verve that it is difficult to lay down or criticise his book. I think he underestimates Charles who, though unpleasant, had his uses. He was a weakling, quick to despair, true son of Charles VI. Pope Pius II once quoted a French saying of the time to the effect that you must not be hard on madmen, but remember that royal blood flows in their veins. But Charles VII was also the father of Louis XI. Louis might have cut just as poor a figure as his father, had he been placed in a situation which required not patience and cunning, but speed and conviction. Once Joan had set the ball rolling Charles did not let it stop, though his kicks were weaker and less direct than hers. But when he had regained his throne he did make France a power in Europe; he broke the power of Rome within his realm, and he started the task of building up a united kingdom which his son was to continue in so masterly a manner.

As for the mystery of Joan Mr. Waldman has hardly attempted to unravel it. Whenever he approaches it he seems to feel the ground quake under his feet; hastily and prudently he retreats. His book is none the worse for that, perhaps the better. If he hoped to solve the mystery and failed, he fared no worse than every other writer who had made the same attempt. Joan and the Church claimed that it was the will of God. If we deny that, we are flung back on the conclusion that it was a very lucky accident, and as an explanation that is hardly more satisfactory. Mr. Waldman has given us the story, and we can continue each of us to draw our own conclusion.

FLORA GRIERSON

THE HOLY MOUNTAIN

The 6,000 Beards of Athos. By RALPH H. BREWSTER. With an Introduction by ETHEL SMYTH. *Hogarth Press.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The world grows daily less picturesque: the muezzins of Stamboul wear Homburg hats, and Oxford, where the last enchantments of the Middle Ages used to linger, has become the Detroit of England. Athos is now enjoying a vogue, because here perhaps more completely than anywhere else in Europe you enjoy the impression of having travelled backwards in time. Few of the buildings are more than two hundred years old, some of the most picturesque have been built in the twentieth century, but this picturesqueness, unlike that of our antiquarian revivals, comes from an unself-conscious conservatism. On Athos, as sometimes in Oriental countries, it is difficult to date an object because the state of mind producing it has remained for centuries almost unchanged. Not only do the monasteries remind you of *Boris Godounov*, but the manner of life and thought belong to that tradition which like the ghost of Byzantium was thinly preserved in Tsarist Russia. Christianity seems reduced to a mere matter of rites and observances, without learning, without works, without mysticism. Indeed, a large proportion of these monks resemble the pictures drawn of their kind by anti-clerical historians—they are sunk in ignorance, laziness and sensuality.

It is upon the last of these qualities that most light is thrown by Mr. Brewster's intelligent, well-written and extremely entertaining book. With a candour which a few years ago would have been impossible, he recounts the expedients to which the monks are driven, living on a peninsula where no woman is allowed to land. Female animals even are forbidden, though such is the laxity of some of the monasteries that cats with kittens and hens are permitted to defile their precincts. And the veto upon beardless boys is neglected with more scandalous results. Mr. Brewster took with him a young Greek whose popularity with the monks was immediate and urgent. "I made a point," Mr. Brewster says, "of never appearing to adopt a critical attitude or letting him think I was scandalised by his behaviour. My line, so as not to intimidate him, and also to get as much information out of him as possible, was to be merely amused." If, in fact, Mr. Brewster was scandalised and not amused, he conceals the fact from his readers as successfully as he did from his companion.

He gives interesting accounts by various monks of what led them to this life. One had made a vow in a storm at sea; another entered the monastic life "because girls like monks" (though Athos is hardly the place to profit by this liking); Father Savvas gave what seems the commonest motive:

> Once you are a monk on Mount Athos, you have no more worries of any sort. Why, look, if you lead a life in the world, you are sure to marry, and then just think of all the troubles and worries you are bound to have, the need to earn enough to support your wife and nourish your children, and buy them clothes, and send them to school, and pay doctors' bills—there is no end to it. Here there is nothing like that. Your soul is absolutely free and happy. The Virgin Mary, you know, looks after you and protects you.

Such language in the mouth of a Western monk would be very surprising, and one wonders how far the respect felt by many Anglicans for the Greek Church would survive a closer acquaintance. It is, of course, possible that Mr. Brewster's stories are uncharacteristic.

The landscape of Athos, it must be remembered, is as picturesque as the architecture, steep mountain sides, covered with luxuriant forests, a lovely sea, and round the monasteries vineyards, olive orchards, and gardens with every sort of delicious fruit. Those who wish to visit this Paradise, which I can imagine becoming a rival to Monte Carlo, will find in Mr. Brewster's book a useful appendix, tabulating the nature in each monastery of the food, the rooms, the bugs and the W.C.s. In thirteen of the twenty-four his experiences were tolerable.

The 6,000 Beards of Athos contains less information than *Black Angels of Athos*, but the opinions it contains on men and buildings command much greater confidence, and the book can be strongly recommended to those who are not easily shocked. There are a large number of remarkably good photographic illustrations. The author consistently spells "idiorrhythmic" with two "d's" and one "r," a solecism surprising in a book issued by so distinguished a publishing house.

ROGER MARVELL

SOME AUTUMN BIOGRAPHIES

Sir Sefton Brancker. By NORMAN MACMILLAN. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

Admiral Togo. By R. V. C. BODLEY. *Jarrolds.* 18*s.*

We Were One: A Life of W. L. Wyllie, R.A., R.E., R.I. By M. A. WYLLIE. *Bell.* 15*s.*

My Own Trumpet. By DION CLAYTON CALTHROP. *Hutchinson.* 15*s.*

My Joyful Life. By C. J. CUTCLIFFE-HYNE. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

Where Smugglers Walked. By IAN DAVISON. *Jenkins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The life of Sir Sefton Brancker could only be told in terms of his work, consequently the bulk of Mr. Macmillan's volume is devoted to his services to the air arm during the war and to civil aviation in the post-war years. Brancker's mind was never cramped by routine, and it was due no less to his vision, audacity, and humour than to his knowledge and industry that from slow and haphazard beginnings our air forces became what they were when the war ceased. The book is both a footnote to aeronautical history, and a worthy memorial to a man who had a genius for getting the best out of life.

When Admiral Togo was born Japan was a mediaeval country, yet he lived to see it take its place among the Great Powers. This change was in a large measure due to Togo himself. To understand the nature of the miracle, as Mr. Bodley points out, we have to imagine Kitchener born in a mediaeval castle and receiving his early military training in a tilt yard; for it was as a young Samurai warrior that Togo first saw modern ships of war in action. The lesson was learned; and relearned when Togo came to England for his naval training, and acquired an affection for this country that remained with him to the end. Mr. Bodley has given us a pleasant portrait of the kindly, taciturn, obstinate and determined man who ganged his own gait, and obeyed orders only when they pleased him.

Mrs. Wyllie's tribute to her famous husband is all that his friends could desire, for it gives us Wyllie as he was; as generous, courageous and lovable a man as ever the sea nurtured. The man, who for fifty years was the graphic recorder of a great era in the history of navigation, was himself a born seaman; and he was never happier than when, with his wife at the tiller, he sailed in search of bits to sketch, or raced his boats, generally to victory. This charming study is the story of his work, but it is also the story of a perfect marriage.

The son of John Clayton and grandson of Dion Boucicault, Mr. Calthrop lived from his youth upwards among authors, artists and players; and, incidentally to descriptions of his own work as essayist, novelist, playwright and designer, he has a fund of good stories to tell us of his friends and contemporaries. Of the famous men of the 'nineties he notes that while the artists looked like their work, the authors disguised themselves as mere people. The rot in individuality had set in, a decade or so earlier authors also acted and dressed their parts. Mr. Calthrop has shaken the dust of Bohemia off his feet, but in this book he looks back, and a little wistfully.

On the wrapper of Mr. Cutcliffe-Hyne's autobiography we are told that over 6,000,000 copies of his Captain Kettle novels have been sold, and within the covers of the book we discover why. They were written in a popular form but with gusto; and probably there is not much in the adventures of his queer little hero that Mr. Cutcliffe-Hine had not suffered or observed. In this story he tells us of his upbringing and education. Followed a brief experience as a free-lance journalist, and then began the wanderings over land and sea in search of material for his books. He tells his story with spirit and humour.

Where Smugglers Walked, though incidentally autobiographical, is essentially the biography of a house. Branden, Mr. Davison's home in the Weald of Kent, was once the centre of a local devil worship and the scene of a nasty murder; and he tells us how one room was found to be full of terrors in the night. Others might flee, but Mr. Davison stood his ground, and gradually converted a dilapidated farmhouse and the wilderness in which it stood into a comely home and a garden of delights. As he describes the change, he tells us of his visiting friends and his new friends of the countryside, and, writing felicitously and knowledgeably of the charms of country life and eerily of his spooks, he has contrived an original and entertaining book.

FRANK A. CLEMENT

SHORTER NOTICES

Slaves and Ivory. By HENRY DARLEY. *Witherby.* 7s. 6d.

An introduction to this work, written by a retired Provincial Commissioner of Kenya, describes its author as "a man of the blond Nordic Viking type"; and the whole book is pervaded by the Rider Haggard atmosphere condensed in this phrase. It was first published in 1926, and narrates Major Darley's adventures in Abyssinia and its borders during the previous twenty years. His references to "taking up the white man's burden," his evident belief that "the intention of every Abyssinian . . . to keep the white man out" is intrinsically wicked, and his easy contempt for "a barbarous Government founded on an impossible and archaic system" indicate his point of view. He has, however, bravery, simplicity and honesty. His facts are therefore extremely interesting, and would be even more valuable if they were more definitely related to dates. He describes a soldier class of Abyssinians who, since they find manual work a degradation, must rely for their prosperity upon slave labour. He writes of slave raids, and tells how he saw a newly captured tribe being driven hour after hour towards the capital. He states that, now their own outlying territories are nearly depopulated, the slave-raiders come down upon Kenya and the Sudan and carry off British subjects, and complains of the lack of protection given by Great Britain to these unfortunate people. The book is illustrated by extremely gruesome photographs.

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● **CONTENTS**

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BOOK III. The Miracle of Procreation, Determination of Sex, Hygiene of the Pregnant Woman, Psychology of the Pregnant Woman, Relief of Pain in Childbirth, The Care of the Mother in Childbed, Premature Labour, Miscarriage, and Abortion.

BOOK IV. The "Safe-period," Barrenness and Sterility, The Prevention of Conception, Impotence in Man, Frigidity in Woman, The Uselessness of Aphrodisiacs, The Change of Life in Man and Woman, The Problem of Rejuvenation.

BOOK V. Sexual Aberrations and Perversions. Sexual inversions of Aim and Object. Their Prevention and Cure.

BOOK VI. Gonorrhea, Syphilis, Avoidance of Venereal Disease, Other Disorders of the Sexual Organs, Non-venereal Diseases of Women.

APPENDIX. Prostitution in England, The White Slave Traffic, Bibliography, Index.

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● **SPECIAL OFFER**

1 Owing to the unprecedented demand from readers of the "New Statesman" for this informative work, the publishers are continuing to offer the Encyclopædia on "subscriber's terms." The complete 36/- work will therefore be sent under plain cover and post free on receipt of 29/6 only. (If C.O.D. 31/3.)

2 Also obtainable on simple deferred terms on first payment of 8/-. Ask for particulars of instalment terms.

FRANCIS ALDOR

4(N), BUCKNALL ST., NEW OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2

Race Relations: Adjustment of Whites and Negroes in the United States. By WILLIS D. WEATHERFORD and CHARLES S. JOHNSON. *Heath* 15s.

Although an anthropological and sociological approach to race prejudices as acute as those disturbing the relations between black and white in America cannot dispel them, it can at least expose their real nature by exposing the bagged fallacies of disparagement with which the whites have clothed their naked fear of the coloured population. Drs. Weatherford and Johnson write of the problems they discuss with sympathy and understanding, fortified by their professional knowledge of the pertinent sciences. Their investigation of the various proposals that have been advanced for a parallel but different advancement in culture of black and white separated for ever is particularly enlightening; and it is illuminating to note that, although they speak in millenniums, they foresee an ultimate mingling of the peoples as the final and inevitable solution. A book that all who have to deal with the African should read and digest.

Week-end Competitions

No. 291

Set by T. W. Earp

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best opening paragraph (300 words) for a novel which would make a reader want to go on with it.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, October 18th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

During those anxious days when someone near and dear is desperately ill . . . during that endless waiting period when an exhausted patient battles for new strength . . . then it is that the gentle stimulus of Brand's Essence often means the difference between recovery and relapse.

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WHEN YOU VISIT A SICKROOM, TAKE BRAND'S WITH YOU

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 289

Set by E. S. P. Haynes

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best parody of Baedeker describing the different sights and departments of the next world. Entries must not be more than 400 words in length.

Report by E. S. P. Haynes

There were twenty-eight entries, of which at least eleven were in the first class and I had to read all these several times before coming to a difficult decision. I particularly liked two sentences about Hell from A. Venturin.—"As a precaution, under-garments of asbestos may be worn: these are however with difficulty passed through the Custom House. . . . MONEY.—Gold is suitable, but good intentions are the currency"; and in one of the other entries reference to "a personal cloud" as a means of locomotion. Most of the competitors seemed rather more familiar with Greek mythology than with the Apocalypse; Cerberus figures in most entries, but not the interesting animals described by St. John the Divine. I give the first prize to J. Matthews and the second prize to Viator.

FIRST PRIZE

THE NEXT WORLD

A very varied region, full of interest; the tours may conveniently be divided into two parts—HEAVEN, comprising the highlands (see Baedeker's Scotland), and HELL, being all the low, lying, regions.

(*a*) From Earth to HEAVEN

Guides (known locally as sky-pilots) advisable, but not essential.

Leaving the *Earth* and keeping sharp *right* we come (8 hrs.) (ascent difficult and narrow, path often destroyed by landslips, no horses) to HEAVEN * (alt. very high) atmosphere rare, light dazzling (sun-spectacles advised). Pop. decreasing. Often crowded on Sunday. Admission free on presentation of visa to S. Peter (good).

HEAVEN.—City guides: Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John (the brother of James) (all plain but good).

Of early Jewish foundation, architecture in immortal style with noteworthy additions in early Christian period. Some of earlier portions destroyed and rebuilt during Reformation. Modern work has consisted chiefly in demolition to provide more *Space*. Tourists are advised not to refer to Hell.

Walls.—Fine views down to Hell, note distant view of pit (reputed to be bottomless).

Observatory.—On E. wall, interesting prospect of Earth; returning to Entrance note *Golden Gates* in Early Baroque (repaying) style, but over-ornamented.

Telegraph Office.—Inside Golden Gates, wireless, spirit messages only.

Theatres.—Halls of Zion. Music, singing, and harping (continuous), admission free, collection. Apt to be over-crowded.

Hotels.—"Manymansions," Holyplatz—manna, good milk, honey (flowing), wine with meals only, many single mattresses—all free. Occupation of inhabitants: singing and flying. Visit Holyplatz. Note all buildings gold or gilded, imposing but over-ornate. On right, see house of H. Ghost (no adm.), opp. offices Christian World (good).

(*b*) From Earth to HELL

Leaving after lunch we proceed rapidly (path shady, easy and delightful), primrose way-marked (alt. route broad str. road, diligences) to (2½ hrs.) HELL * * * * * (repaying). 0 ft. Pop. increasing. Built-up area.

We first reach Cerberus * * (wire rope, but a supply of sops advisable). Proceeding (splendid views to right and left). We reach the picturesque R. Styx (coarse fishing, boating dangerous).

Crossing by historic wooden craft (early Greek style), boatman Charon, we reach (½ hr.) the Infernal regions (hot but repaying) and proceed straight to Satan * * * (bad). Note collection of eminent souls. Visit the sulphur mines and Zoo (note undying worm and original serpent). Pitchforks may be hired, but generally only used by older inhabitants.

Museums.—Infernal War Museum (curators, B. Zaharoff, Al. Capone).

Hotels.—"Beelzebubhof," opp. fire-station, excellent grill, oven-heating, numerous double beds.

"Luciferhaus," good wine, central heating. Visit Hydropathic Institute (Dir., Gungha Din), and Convent of the Fallen Angels (attractive views).

In centre of Plutoplatz note statue of Jezebel (now in pieces), opp. Central Press Offices (very modern bldg.).

J. MATTHEWS

SECOND PRIZE

THE NEXT WORLD

Arrival.—By ferry boat (no baggage permitted). Travellers from Latin countries and U.S.A. are advised not to travel in full evening dress.

Long Excursion.—To HELL. Guide necessary (P. Vergilius Maro): local guide book by A. Dante. Approach by broad pleasant road, gradually descending. Visitors unaccompanied by guide may be detained by the authorities.

ROUTE TO HEAVEN.—Follow upper road, ascending steeply at first; surface rough and stony, but conditions become easier until

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Community singing: angel choir.

All the above are continuous performances.

The City is laid out in broad streets with gold paving: it is enclosed within a rectangular wall, pierced by twelve gates.

Excursion (44,000 furlongs).—The City Wall (breadth 144 cubits). The foundations show interesting geological formations of precious stones.

Places of Interest.—The Zoological Gardens. The collection includes four species of winged beasts.

Environs.—Elysian Meadows. Feeding of the wild birds daily by St. Francis.

VIATOR

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 146.—ANAGRAMS

"How did that Anagram contest of yours go off?"

"Pretty well," said Speller. "We ran it on the lines you suggested. Each of us in turn composed five seven-letter anagrams for the other four to solve; one point being scored, in respect of each, by the fellow that spotted it first. For instance, one of them was the name of some dam disease—I've forgotten for the moment what—old Prosy, being a medico, was on to that one in no time. I've got the list of anagrams somewhere; I must show it you later on."

"Was there any money on the thing?"

"A little. We settled up on the basis of point-differences, each of us paying each. Wordsworth came off best, he made twice as much money as I did."

"Why, I thought you were the expert, Speller?"

"Well, I was the expert in one sense. If you regard each competitor's selection of five anagrams as constituting a separate event, no one else did better than I did in any event in which I took part. In fact that principle holds good all the way through. If you arrange us in this order: Myself, Wordsworth, Letterboy, Shuffleham, Prosy, none of us scored more points in respect of any one event than did any of those preceding him in the list."

"Thank you," said I. "I shall have to think that over."

The twenty-five anagrams were:

AABEFFL	ACHNOVY	APPRSUY	CEIILNN	EEFMPRU
AANPSST	ACINOTU	CCEINOT	DEENORS	EENPRST
ABGLMOU	AEEGLNT	CCEPPRT	DEFORST	EIMPSTU
ACDIRST	AEIINRT	CDEOPRU	DEINRTT	EIOMPRV
ACEHIMN	AEIPRST	CEEFPRT	EEFMNRT	ELMOPSU

Who set as an anagram "the name of some dam disease"?

PROBLEM 144.—FROM MACBETH TO CALIBAN

This is a "sliding alphabet" cipher, of which the keyword is CALIBAN. The letters of the message are found by working backwards from those of the cipher.

Letters of message	V	H	L	V	L	Y	B
Letters of keyword	C	A	L	I	B	A	N
Numerical equivalent	3	1	12	9	2	1	14

Corresponding letter of alphabet, reckoning backwards, and counting the letter of the cipher as the first:

T H A N K Y O

and so on.

The complete message is

THANK YOU FOR MANY HAPPY HOURS SPENT IN SOLVING YOUR PROBLEMS.

My thanks in turn to those solvers who have associated themselves with the message!

PROBLEM 143.—TEDDY BEARS

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: P. W. Cash, 27 York Gardens, Bristol, 8.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

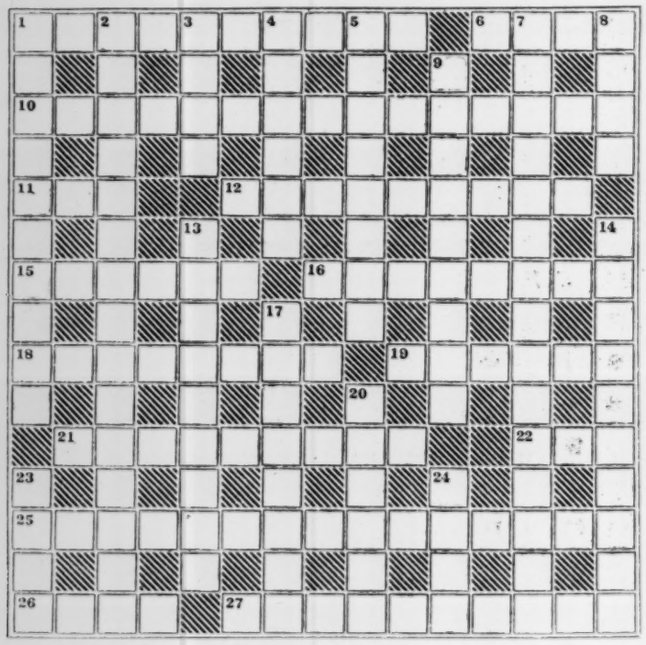
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 292

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Mrs. G. Lloyd, 77, Farquhar Road, Edgbaston, Birmingham.

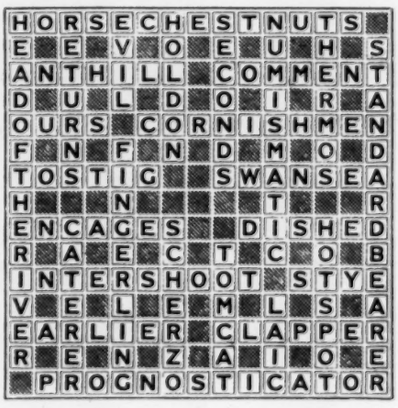
ACROSS

1. Scouting device.
6. Power for the waggoner who intends to travel far.
10. Is this Puck's cheery brother?
11. Where is the Union of Britain and India?
12. What many go to the White City to do.
15. This driver doesn't usually go on the right lines.
16. 12 give notice of these.
18. In her it's what her ancestors give her.
19. Early example of petticoat influence leading to the gallows.
21. In it I make alliance in the beginning.
22. A "fairy" attribute.
25. Puts it down in black and white mechanically.
26. See 4.
27. "Then the signal was made for the —— to anchor
And all in the Downs that night for to lie."

DOWN

1. Pretty precious little things.
2. Songs for a nautical tug-o'-war?
3. Judges' circuit up.
4. Those of the 26 do not depend on its name.
5. A car in a rising river at the end.
7. Fleet Street department of the P.M.G.?
8. Noises that are birdlike after 23.
9. Bullish policy.
13. Entracte I is heretical.
14. Binding, but not legally.
17. A mixture of resin and tar.
20. This old priest seems to have been somewhat fiery.
23. See 8. ——
24. A dial upside down.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE STOCK EXCHANGE ATTITUDE TO WAR AND SANCTIONS—FIXED TRUSTS—KEYSTONE CERTIFICATES—MR. KEYNES ON STABILISATION

THE old Stock Exchange maxim for days of confusion and uncertainty—buy when the outlook is black and sell when everyone is cheerful—is particularly suitable for the present crisis. The probabilities always are that the worse will not happen and that the best-of-all-solution will never be realised. The investor practising this maxim must, however, realise that what is considered bad by a normal person, i.e., the breakdown of the League of Nations and of the collective system of security, is considered good by the Stock Exchange. For the peace of the stock markets jobbers and brokers are united against sanctions and for the sake of better and brighter armament shares they are longing for increased expenditure on the navy and the air force. If economic sanctions are imposed, not only will the suspense be greater in the stock markets, but there may be some reaction in the base metal markets, partly on the immediate stoppage of trade with Italy, partly in anticipation of the collapse of war demands. And if economic sanctions are effective in bringing the war to an end, profit-taking will no doubt be seen in shipbuilding and aircraft shares. The immediate interests of the investor, therefore, lie in the continuation of the war, the collapse of the League system and the destruction of the bridge linking Great Britain and the Continent. This is not to suggest that the Stock Exchange is not pro-Abyssinian. The latest vulgar stories of the war leave no doubt as to where Stock Exchange sympathies lie. But as between a League system and a state of armed isolation the Stock Exchange would not hesitate to choose the latter. With armed isolation, all that the market in iron and steel, shipbuilding and aircraft shares need fear is the Labour Party's demand for the limitation of profits and the elimination of profiteering. This would not cause any investor a sleepless night.

* * *

Still the fixed trusts come. From the brochure of the latest creation, I learn that the amount invested in fixed trusts in Great Britain in the last three years was over £25 millions and that the present annual rate is at least £10 millions. The total amount of new money raised for domestic industry by public issues last year was £54.7 millions, in 1933 it was £33.7 millions, and in 1932 £29.9 millions (*Economist* figures). The high proportion of fixed trust investment to productive investment may be the sign of abnormal times—in 1929 the amount raised for domestic industry by public issues was £122 millions—but it is deplorable that no machinery exists for directing the savings of the public into economically useful and productive channels. If we had a National Investment Board—but that is a story I am tired of repeating. The fixed trusts do nothing to put an unemployed man to work: they serve no vital purpose in the national economy. Their only claim to existence is that they perform a useful service for the small investor. They spread his investment risks, collect his dividends and bonuses, look after his securities, and by publishing particulars of their holdings, educate the public to some extent in matters of industrial investment. But they do nothing to push recovery forward except that, by concentrated buying in the narrow market of British industrial shares, they inflate certain security values and make a small privileged class slightly richer. When the downward half of the trade cycle is reached they will also serve to make the same privileged class a little poorer, but that must not be talked about to-day.

* * *

The latest fixed trust, called Keystone Certificates, embodies a number of new features. It offers the investor for the first time a half-share in the management profits and allows purchases of its sub-units by instalments spread over a period of six months. It also guarantees holders "a free and ready market" if they wish to sell their sub-units. This leads to provision which may involve the management in losses. (Whether holders share in management losses as well as profits is not stated.) The sale price of a sub-unit is fixed by taking the total Stock Exchange selling price then current of the stocks and shares comprising the complete unit, less Stock Exchange charges, and dividing the net amount by 7,500. The resulting figure establishes "the minimum price per sub-unit which the managers guarantee to pay for each sub-unit repurchased from a certificate holder." But suppose there is a trade slump and the majority of the certificate holders want to sell. The management might find that they could not sell the underlying securities on the Stock Exchange fast enough to meet their repurchases of sub-units. Stock Exchange prices might be falling so rapidly that the actual fixing of a sub-unit price would involve the management in heavy losses when the underlying securities were sold. Keystone Certificates are not exactly a fixed trust, for the management is authorised to instruct the Trustees to sell, or reduce the amount of, any security when this is considered "desirable in the interests of certificate holders." By choosing shares which are outside the class of "leaders" the management has been able to secure a current yield of £5 1*s.* 8*d.* per cent., excluding capital bonuses. But shares are included which do not enjoy a free market on the Stock Exchange. For example, 40 Metal Box shares are part of the unit. Metal Box is a subsidiary of Continental Can and looks after the British and British Empire trade of that very prosperous company. It is an excellent investment which, in my opinion, is likely to appreciate steadily over a period of years while issues of shares on bonus terms are being made to finance the expansion of the company. But I have known times when it was impossible to buy Metal Box shares in the market and other times when it was impossible to sell them. (I advise every investor to add Metal Box to his holdings before Keystone Certificates begin to buy in volume.)

	Last Financial Year.			Yield %
Price.	% Earned.	% Paid.	On Earnings.	On Est. Div.
65/6	20.9	10	£6 7 9	£3 16 3 if 12½%

This is not the only share without a free market which is included in the Keystone Certificates units. The duration of the Trust is fixed at ten years. 1945 may or may not coincide with the bottom of a slump, but as no steps are being taken to improve the capitalist system by organised planning—in order to flatten out the booms and slumps of the trade cycle—I cannot believe that it is wise to fix a definite term to the life of any fixed trust. I am glad to see that the managers of Keystone Certificates are in favour of legislation for the control of fixed trusts either by Parliamentary measures or by the London Stock Exchange. This reform is long over-due.

* * *

"When the Council of the Bank of International Settlement contemplate (as in their last report) a return to a regime of fixed gold parities, they are living in a fool's world." This is a quotation from Mr. J. M. Keynes' penetrating article on stabilisation in the current *Lloyds Bank Review*. Mr. Keynes proceeds to argue for a period of experimental stabilisation based upon wide "gold points" and supported by the operation of a central gold pool or B.I.S. Equalisation Fund. He admits, however, that the experimental period cannot even begin until the European gold bloc have either changed the gold value of their currencies or corrected by other methods the disequilibrium between their respective currencies and the dollar. "The gold bloc," he says, "seem to be at present engaged in scourging themselves (by deflation) until their situation has become so obviously intolerable that when the common-sense problem of altering the gold value of their currencies is finally adopted no one can be blamed." Another difficulty in the way of provisional stabilisation is the unequal distribution of gold, which Mr. Keynes admits is worse than ever. According to the Federal Reserve Bank of New York the increase in American gold stocks since January, 1934, has been about £500 millions. By the end of the year the American Treasury will probably hold half the total monetary gold reserves of the world. Mr. Keynes rightly brings home to the bankers "the outstanding lesson of our post-war experience," namely, that changes in Bank rate and in the volume of domestic credit "must be entirely discarded as a means of regulating the exchanges" and should be employed in future "with exclusive regard to internal conditions and employment." This is a lesson which I have constantly been preaching in these columns.

* * *

A New York broker's circular has a paragraph with this heading: "Angas Sees Boom Bigger Than Coolidge Era." The paragraph goes on, "The *New York Times* carries an address by Major L. L. B. Angas, in which he declared that President Roosevelt will out-Baldwin Mr. Baldwin of England in giving industry a rest. The Major sees this country entering into the third phase of the new deal where Mr. Roosevelt's probable policy will be to outdo Coolidge in giving industrial prosperity to America. He sees the third phase as being not social security but profit security." This may be prophetic also of the second phase of the National Government in Great Britain.

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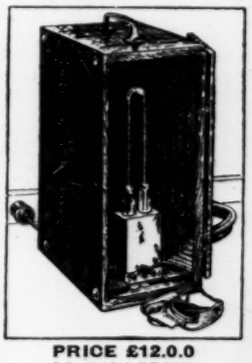

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